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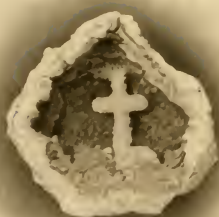




POEMS BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.







# POEMS

BY

ELIZA ALLEN STARR



PHILADELPHIA

H McGRATH 1039 CHESTNUT STREET

1867

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DEDICATION.

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TO

MY BELOVED FATHER,

TO THE MEMORY, "IN BENEDICTION," OF

MY BELOVED MOTHER,

THESE FRUITS OF A HAPPY CHILDHOOD AND A CHEQUERED LIFE

Are Faithfully Dedicated.

*St. Joseph's Cottage,*

Feast of the Purification, 1867



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# POEMS.



## TO MY FATHER

ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Relenting breezes greet thy natal day,  
My honored father ; and the early shower,  
Though fruitless yet of leaf or opening flower,  
As genial falls as softest rains of May :  
So softly, and with reverent touch as they,  
My filial hand would turn, with sacred care,  
The page where all the dear memorials are  
Of thy parental love ; and ne'er decay,  
Or growth of new affection, or the stress  
Of life's increasing cares, shall dim the lines  
Through which such clear, benignant beauty shines ;  
Or make that touching record one the less,  
Which rather grateful memory entwines  
With budding wreaths my fresh allegiance to express.

## MERE DE DOULEUR.

'Neath a picture of the blessed  
Ever Virgin Mother, dear,  
With its cheek of patient dolour  
Wetted with one holy tear,

Sits my own beloved mother,  
In the meekness of her age,  
With a ripening patience turning  
Life's late, autumn-tinted page—

Sits beneath its sacred shadow  
As beneath a lovely vine,  
On whose fair, benignant branches,  
Sweetest-smelling clusters shine.

Placidly across her features  
Strays a meditative smile,  
Lighting up their tender pallor  
With a gleam of heaven ; the while

Her soft lips in mildest silence  
Close upon a lovely thought,  
By the Virgin's mournful aspect  
To her inmost feeling brought.

O my mother dear, as gentle  
As the south winds, breathing now  
O'er our richly flushing forests  
And thy softly furrowed brow,

Never, never may thy spirit,  
'Neath a darker shadow pine,  
Than beneath these pictured dolours  
Of this Mother, most benign.

Never may more bitter juices  
Wet those patient lips of thine,  
Than the juices of the clusters  
Purpling o'er that virgin vine.

And, O mortal mother, darling,  
May thy soul, in faith repose,  
Under its celestial shadow,  
When thy dying eyelids close

On the flitting shades and sunshine  
Of thy swiftly fleeting race :  
Jesus ! Mary ! Joseph ! aid her !  
Shield her in your loved embrace !

## THE MEADOW HOME.

Of all fair abodes where I am welcome,  
One alone is home, howe'er I roam ;  
Dear attraction, swift returns compelling,  
Lovely birth-place, lovely Meadow Home.

Nested in a quietness domestic,  
How serenely, pleasantly it stands,  
Mid the leafy shades and genial sunshine  
Of the fair, abounding meadow-lands.

Orchard blooms float through the open window,  
Maple boughs upon the roof-tree rest,  
Soft blush-roses round the pathway cluster,  
In the sweetbrier redbreast makes her nest.

Round the sunny " L " the grape-vines clamber,  
Barn-roofs rise in sunny peace beyond,  
Swarming bees range over fields of clover,  
Clucks the brooding hen with flutterings fond.

Far off stretch the green and teeming acres  
To the circle of the wooded hills ;  
Here and there an elm-crest soars majestic,  
Watered by the moist turf's oozing rills.

Broadly flashing to the summer sunlight,  
Through the meads in peaceful windings long,  
Noisy shallows, deep-resounding rapids,  
Flows Pocontuck, tuneful as a song.

And my inmost heart is daily conscious  
Of a fresh contentment, new delight,  
In the mill-stream's near, familiar voices,  
And the hay-field's every pleasant sight—

Ever conscious of a swelling feeling,  
Which would pour itself in sweetest sound,  
When, in wanderings, I am but reminded  
Of my Meadow Home's most distant bound.



## AUTUMN FLOWERS.

The wild Asters and the Golden-rod,  
In their beauty and their prime,  
With the sun-light on their mingling leaves,  
In the bright September time—

In copse, in glen, by the woodpath's green,  
And in every lonely place,  
The Asters bloom and the Golden-rod,  
Like a smile on nature's face.

When the rustling corn is gathered in,  
And the days are warm and bright,  
When the orchard casts its mellow fruit  
In the deep autumnal light ;  
When the maple tops and sumach leaves  
Are flushed with a crimson stain,  
The Asters still and the Golden-rod  
Are fresh on meadow and plain.

When the shivering leaves drop sear and dry  
To the cheerless earth to rest,  
And even the blue-fringed Gentian's blooms  
Lie dead on its desolate breast ;  
That bleak, sad pause in the pleasant year,  
When the harvest-fields are bare,  
The Asters wild and the Golden-rod  
In the sunshine cold are there.

The autumn wind and the autumn rain,  
But they nod and bloom the while,

And when the wind and the rain are past  
Look out with a quiet smile,  
From copse and glen, and the wood-paths drear,  
And the leaves, cold, damp and dun,  
With a golden crest and star-bright eye,  
To welcome a smiling sun.



THE AMERICAN ARTIST.

Upon his couch at eventide,  
With earnest, restless eye,  
An artist watched the paling tints  
Of sweet Italia's sky,  
As o'er fair temple, palace, dome,  
And aisles of glorious dead,  
And Coliseum of old Rome,  
The lingering light was shed.

The crimson rays flashed proudly up ;  
And on that wasted cheek,  
So pensive in its manliness,  
So sadly, strangely meek,

The hectic spot burned deep and bright,  
And those dark, troubled eyes  
Seemed, in their wild intensity,  
To melt into the skies.

A sudden moisture o'er them passed,  
Like mist o'er some bright star  
That sheds above the solemn seas  
Its radiance afar.

He bowed his head and pressed it close  
Within his fevered palm,  
As if to crush the thought that broke  
His spirit's lofty calm.

His life's wild passion-flame was spent—  
His wildering dream of fame ;  
Amid the halls of glorious art  
He wearied of a name !  
A melting thought of homely scenes  
O'er his weak spirit swept—  
A yearning for familiar things ;  
He bowed his head, and wept.

“ O, let me breathe my native air  
Once more before I die ! ”

And raised his feeble hands to Heaven  
With agonizing cry.

“O, let me tread my native hills,  
Their fields of stately corn,  
And stand beneath the elms that shade  
The spot where I was born !”

They bore him from the city’s heat,  
Its splendor’s painful glare,  
To lovely Como’s quiet lake,  
Its fresh and fragrant air.  
The vine-leaves clustered round his door,  
Young roses climbed the wall,  
And soothingly the wave’s low voice  
Came up at even-fall.

It mingled softly with his dreams  
Through all the starry night,  
While through the dewy orange boughs  
Quivered the pale moonlight.  
Yet from that nested loveliness  
Went out a wailing cry :  
“O, let me breathe my native air  
Once more before I die !”

His couch stood empty by the wall,  
And in his favorite bowers  
That sad young face was missed at morn,  
And at the shut of flowers.  
The Como rolled its crystal tide,  
Italia's groves were fair,  
But tenderly the peasant named  
The stranger in his prayer.

HE stood upon the vessel's deck,  
His pulse beat fast and high,  
And steadfast on the filling sails  
He fixed his eager eye.  
"O, for one glimpse of that dear shore!  
I tearless could depart,  
If I might press its coldest clod  
Once more upon my heart!"

Long weeks had passed; a faint blue line  
In misty distance lay,  
And manly hearts and steady eyes  
Had sought it day by day.  
They sought it for the stranger's sake,  
To quench the mania thirst  
That strengthened on his wasting frame,  
And by his life was nurst.

For he had grown a gentle care,  
Through that one, moving cry,  
“O, let me breathe my native air  
Once more before I die!”  
Land! land! they raised him from his couch,  
That on the deck was spread—  
One short, faint cry of wild delight—  
The artist’s soul had fled.



## THE LONELY WINDOW.

O how sadly looks out  
On the clear winter night  
That lone chamber window,  
Closely curtained in white.  
  
No dear hand now removes  
The still folds from their rest,  
Still and cold as the shroud  
O’er some beautiful breast.

*The Lonely Window.*

No light now ever streams  
That high, fair casement through,  
From it never outleans  
The slight form we once knew.

The low bed is empty,  
And the cold pillows bear  
No more the fair temples  
And moist clustering hair.

Ah me ! to remember  
That desolate chamber,  
And to think that such gloom  
Should e'er shadow his room,  
The sunniest hearted  
Of all who once parted  
With a smile and " Good night !"  
From the fireside so bright !

The hoarse winds sweeping chill  
That far burial hill—  
Alas ! how those winds smite  
My sad heart, if at night

I but chance remember  
The warm sleep he once slept—  
So beloved, now so wept—  
In that white-curtained chamber.

But rich consolation  
For such desolation,  
The promise Paternal  
Of mansions eternal,  
Where the weary may rest,  
And the soul be made strong  
To press to the meek throng  
Of the perfectly blessed !

And how close to my heart  
This one promise I press,  
And how soothes its sweet voice  
Every throb of distress,  
Though the tears may still gush  
As, returning at night,  
That lone casement I see,  
Closely curtained in white.

## THE FIRST SNOW-FLAKE.

I well remember how, a girl,  
I watched the first fair snow-flake whirl  
From cold November's evening sky,  
With pensive mind and thoughtful eye,  
And, almost hour by hour, would peer  
Through the gray, snowy atmosphere,  
For Leyden hills of distant blue,  
For Hoosac hills and pastures too,  
And the pale gleam of tombstones' chill  
Upon the lonely burying hill;  
For many a homestead's chimney dear  
In village far, or village near,  
And catch the first far candle's light  
That glimmered through the coming night.

And now, though I no longer dwell  
Among those scenes I loved so well,  
The first snow-flake I never see  
Fall, softly, through the air to me,  
But once, once more I nestle down  
A child among the homesteads brown,  
And by the same broad windows lean  
To watch the twilight's pensive scene.

How many a mossy roof I fain  
Would stand beneath but once again !  
How many a fireside's mirth would share,  
Its last affliction or its care ;  
Its changes sad, or changes gay,  
Its marriage feast and holiday ;  
Its children, I have never seen,  
But whom I still should know, I ween ;  
And in a kindly gossip spend  
A pleasant evening with a friend.

And often do I close my eyes  
Upon the world's old vanities ;  
The sigh for wealth, the pride of place,  
Not fear of sin but sin's disgrace ;  
And, leaving living foe or friend,  
Above those grass-grown hillocks bend,  
Where slumbers, on the darling dust  
In which affection put its trust,  
The fair, fresh face of joyous youth,  
The heart which keeps its guileless truth,  
The placid face of patient age,  
The matron mild, the hoary sage ;  
And wet again with faithful tears  
The graves I have not seen for years.

## THE FORD.

“ One of the wonders, with us children, was the Ford :  
How your eye lights and kindles only at the word !  
From the village, past the willow, elms, past the mill,  
Ran the road—every turn I can remember—till  
It reached the river’s bank ; then, with a steep descent,  
Straight down into the shallows of the stream it went.  
Our heads grew giddy always, and a chill of dread  
Crept over us, when first we felt the stony bed  
Beneath the wheels ; how strong, too, seemed the  
current ; strayed  
The wagon, and we thought “ old Sorrel ” also swayed  
With head grown giddy like our own ; and yet delight  
Was mingled strangely with this hush of childish fright :  
The running waters had a cool fresh sound ; the tip,  
Very tip of our longest finger but to dip  
In that clear stream beside us, was a joy untold,  
And only to be won by those who were most bold :  
With sharp regret we found ourselves brought safe to  
land  
Upon the other bank ; how tame the yielding sand,

How quiet, too, the road along the sumach hedge,  
How quiet, too, our tongues ; but from each pine  
crowned ledge

Of the winding, rocky, hillside road, as we soared,  
We turned wistful eyes, catching glimpses of the Ford.

“ In summer oft and oft we watched the heavy wain,  
Loaded high with fragrant hay, sunny sheaves of grain,  
Drawn by patient oxen 'cross the Ford ; how they bent  
Their sturdy necks against the yoke, and bravely lent  
Their weight to stem the stream, as “ hock-ho-haw ! ”  
called out

The watchful farmer with his cheery guiding shout ;  
Then up the steep bank pressed, with panting, dripping  
side,

To stand and breathe within the elm-grove's shadow  
wide.

All these were pleasant pictures ; but below the Ford  
Whirled the mysterious Eddy, and with fear we heard  
Of youths adventurous suddenly drawn in to die.

The widow's eldest son, you know she lived close by,  
They told us was drowned there : on her we looked  
with awe,

As death had come to her through some peculiar law ;

Beside, her idiot girl, with thick and gibberish speech,  
Or, in her fits of anger, wild unearthly screech,  
Who kept, year in, year out, her well-stuffed easy-chair,  
Stitching her bits of calico with aimless care,  
Her crippled, helpless figure, supple, gaunt and tall,  
And long fore-finger pointed at us like an awl,—  
The mother's mild-toned wish that we would 'often  
    come,'  
A strange, strange charm gave to the widow's humble  
    home."

Thus Margaret chatted on, till, looking up, she caught  
Her good companion napping; then her dreamy thought  
Took wings instead of words; the "Vineyard's"  
    pleasant road,  
Bordered with roses, to her wakened memory showed  
Aglow with morning, while the older one which led  
Southward to "The Bars'" far-famed and ancient  
    homestead,  
With its well-treasured history of noble dead,  
Of how and where each fought, and where each vic-  
    tim bled,  
All rose before her in that early, tender light,  
When all the world was strange and beautiful to sight.

The Ford no longer passable, the Eddy too  
Filled up, and those fair homesteads, crowned with  
honor due,  
Have passed to other hands ; scarce would poor Mar-  
garet know  
Those places now, but still her earnest cheeks will  
glow,  
And her quick memory kindles, only at a word  
Of the happy childhood spent in sight of The Ford.



## THE WAPPING HOMESTEAD.

Tidings surely must be coming,  
For I waked this morning, dreaming  
Of my dear old uncle's homestead—  
Dear old uncle, long since dead :  
Rest eternal on his head !  
Dear old homestead quaint and brown,  
From the green knoll looking down  
On the winding village street,  
Over which the green boughs meet—

*The Wapping Homestead.*

On the homestead of the neighbors  
Rousing for their harvest labors,  
And the herd of lowing cows,  
Which along the roadside browse,  
On their way to pastures still—  
“Cooley pasture” on the hill.

All day long, a homesick feeling  
Has been o’er my senses stealing ;  
Memories of the olden time  
Run, despite me, into rhyme ;  
And, as in my childish days,  
Through the Hackmatacks I gaze,  
Down the winding village street,  
Over which the green elms meet,  
On the dear, familiar places—  
On the still far dearer faces ;  
In the garden pull ripe cherries,  
With my aunt pick black raspberries ;  
Watch the thrifty white rose-bush,  
And the lilac branches push  
Just one side to see again  
The ground nest of Lady Wren,  
Or the squirrel’s bushy back  
Flitting through the Hackmatack ;

On the stepping-stone's broad face  
Take again my happy place,  
With hushed heart and lips quite mute  
While my cousin blows his flute,  
Till its cadences serene  
Tranquilize the moonlit scene.

Lowly joys, how oft unprized !  
Oft in youth perchance despised ;  
Or when passion's swifter tide  
Hurried to that ocean wide,  
On whose waste and beaten shore  
The wild billows, in uproar,  
Cast the wreck of hopes long o'er.  
Now, the heavy storm-clouds lifted,  
Into calmer waters drifted,  
From far off, the wild shores over,  
Floats the scent of summer clover ;  
Floats a vision, O how tender !  
Summer fulness, autumn splendor,  
All in beauteous golden haze  
Of the far off, early days ;  
Memories which till death we cherish,  
Holier grown as round us perish,

One by one, the brows so calm  
Which made life a tuneful psalm,  
And the aged footsteps falter ;  
While we sigh before God's altar,  
"Light eternal Jesus grant them,"  
In thy paradise now plant them !



## A BED OF WILD VIOLETS

IN A PUBLIC SQUARE.

Dear wildling violets, of the self-same hue  
As those I first in happy childhood knew,  
How like those nestling beauties ye beseem  
The vernal sunshine and the vernal green ;  
Though far from all the brookside's pleasant sounds,  
The cooling freshness of the meadow grounds,  
The only breeze that sweeps your lowly bed  
By all the city's dust and noises sped.

And with what peaceful singleness of heart  
I stand and gaze, from all the crowd apart,  
Upon your blue and meekly joyful eyes,  
As undisturbed, as tranquil as the skies ;  
Retaining still kind nature's simple grace,  
Unmindful of the joys or ills of place.

O sweet refreshment which th' aspiring mind  
Can in your humble bloom and beauty find ;  
O sweet refreshment, that with blindest touch  
Soothes to repose the heart that asks too much ;  
The claiming wish subdued, its ache forgot  
While your mild presence charms this weary spot,  
Life's tuneful harmony at once restored,  
At nature's lowliest darling's gentle word.

So fair the life, so calm the heavenly sense  
Of holy hearts, dear hearts of innocence,  
Within whose artless thoughts, like odorous bells,  
Such placid hopes, such mild contentment dwells ;  
Their joys, unsought, in steadfast peace abide,  
The rarest blooms of love untouched by pride.

## SONG OF WELCOME.

My lonely days grew lonelier,  
The shadows spread apace,  
When on me, like a morning sun,  
Arose thy smiling face ;  
Sad tears, sad tears, my joyful cheeks  
Keep not of you a trace.

The summer skies, which o'er me bend  
In beauty so benign,  
Are not so blue as the happy eyes  
Now beaming into mine !  
Heart's love, heart's love, what sun could cheer,  
If thine should cease to shine !



## SONG.

When evening deepens into night  
And all the world is still,  
Save that clear stream whose ceaseless flow  
Must turn the laboring mill ;

When not a breeze disturbs the clear  
Reflex on memory's lake,  
O, well I prize that silent hour  
For thy so cherished sake.

I do not miss one happy voice  
Its music or its glee,  
For O, when farthest from the world,  
My love, I'm nearest thee.

*PARTING.*

We watched him through the evening glim,  
We watched him from the trellis low,  
And felt our hearts within us swim  
As swam the branches to and fro.

We heard his footstep on the grass,  
His parting footstep, O how sad!  
And wondered, as we heard it pass,  
If we could ever more be glad.

The figure mingled with the glim,  
The footfall ceased upon the air ;  
We almost shuddered—without him  
It was so silent everywhere.

Ye orchard shades, ye maples green,  
Ye elms majestic, softly sigh,  
For ye that friendly face have seen  
And heard that footstep passing by.

Ye summer blooms, ye flowering vines,  
Exhale from all your fragrant leaves  
The sweetest dews which night resigns,  
And weep with Laura as she grieves—

As grieves she o'er the vanished bliss,  
As grieves she o'er the vanished eye ;  
And let your wet leaves mutely kiss  
Where parted they so silently.



SPRING BIRDS..

O ask no song of one whose heart  
Has not a hope of joy below,  
To whom the future's dread obscure  
Is heavy with impending woe.

The wedded thrush beside its mate  
May sing of love, of hope, how dear,  
Nor sadden one delirious thrill  
With the remembrance of a tear.

But grief is busy at my heart ;  
Life's Eden joys, how soon they wane !  
Sing on, dear bird, and leave to me  
The secret tear, the silent pain.



ROBIN REDBREAST'S VALENTINE.

When little birds on fluttering wing  
Begin to chirp and then to sing,  
Each to his mate, with lusty throat,  
Love's first clear, delicious note,

Then doth my joyous heart attune,  
To measure sweet, its simple rune ;  
Yet its first strains are ever thine,  
My well-belovèd Valentine.

When maple buds begin to blush,  
And over every tree and bush  
The earliest tints of spring appear,  
The tenderest of all the year,  
Within their most secluded bower,  
Undecked as yet by leaf or flower,  
But sacred still to thee and thine,  
I hopeful wait my Valentine.

Yet wherefore is it mine to wait ?  
The smallest bird can boast a mate ;  
And even last year's nestlings young  
Have each a story and a tongue.  
Yet none, I ween, could ever prove  
More faithful unto wedded love,  
Than he whose first and only line  
Has chosen thee his Valentine.

## WISHES.

O had I now a Carrier Dove  
To range on pinion free,  
How swiftly through the air would cleave  
Its faithful wings to thee ;

And softer than the purple down  
That guards its gentle breast,  
The message that my heart would send  
To be thy evening guest.

How quickly at thy window bright  
Its little bill would peck,  
Nor leave thee till thy hand had loosed  
The billet from its neck.

And though I urged no fond request,  
Dear one, it could not be  
My pretty Post-bird would return  
Without a line for me.

## ESSIE'S OMEN.

I knew you would come !—for what should I see  
To-night, as I gravely sat down to my tea,  
But a little tea-stick, with its head as straight up  
As your own curly pate, sailing round in my cup ?  
And who ever knew such an omen to fail,  
Though clouds in despite should rain, lighten, and hail ?

Now pray, do not laugh ; and why think it unwise  
That such pleasant fancies find grace in my eyes ?  
For that is not trifling, whatever it be,  
Which brings me a word of glad tidings from thee,  
And that of all omens most happy and dear,  
Which tells me the friend so belovèd is near.



## THE PARLOR ANDIRONS.

“I believe in the communion of saints.” CREDO.

My father dozing in his favorite chair,  
The flickering firelight on his thin gray hair,

The aged temples veined with tenderest blue,  
So gently placid and so sweetly true—  
A picture only, yet it has for me  
Almost the charm of dear reality.

That quiet fireside-scene, the quaint arm-chair,  
The threaded locks of venerable hair,  
The folded hands, the andirons, polished, tall,  
The shadows thrown on that familiar wall,  
Bring back, with all the joy of living things,  
The dear old parlor's evening gatherings.

How many an honored form and smiling face,  
Our romping games, our mother's quiet grace,  
Reflected have my eyes, with wonder, seen  
Upon the stately andirons' polished sheen!  
And memory, faithful to its early trust,  
A legion marshals from funereal dust.

The sodded graves on many a hillside fair  
'Neath monumental marbles set with care,  
The sunny prairie's gayly flowering swell,  
The silent copse or melancholy dell,  
And thy dread deeps, O surging, wintry sea,  
Give up their dead to spend this hour with me

32      *Spring Winds and Spring Flowers.*

Not lost, not severed ; only hid from view  
The ties which bind me, O my friends, to you ;  
The prayer I raise to aid your wished repose  
Flows back, through you, to soothe and bless my woes,  
While you whose lot is with the saints in peace  
From lurking dangers win me sweet release.

Not lost, not severed ;—flow my happy tears !  
Thrice happy loss which heaven itself endears !  
O full exchange for earth's imperfect joy !  
O fairest gold for earth's, at best, alloy !  
A little sooner touching life's green shore,  
Your prayers speed my frail bark the breakers o'er.



SPRING WINDS AND SPRING FLOWERS.

Soft south airs, sweet airs so bland and tender,  
Quickening the cold earth where'er you pass,  
Waking by your greeting spring-buds slender,  
Kissing every strip of meadow grass ;

Well, O well, your light touch I remember,  
In the early, far-off vernal days,  
When a child, transported, I would wander  
Over all the valleys' pleasant ways,

With a tireless foot, a heart unsated,  
Eager eyes and shouts of wildest glee ; —  
All those joyous rambles unabated,  
Thou art bringing back this day to me.

Odorous May-flowers on the ground supine,  
Close where pines and hemlocks darkling dwell,  
Meadow cowslips brimming with sunshine,  
Spotted adder's-tongue with drooping bell ;

Violets, and honey-suckles brown,  
Streaked anemonies so fair, so frail,  
Shy hepatica, with stems of down,  
Azure banks of the houstonia pale ;

Tufts of coolwort with its fringed lid  
Near the sun-tipped moss's flowery ridge,  
Pink, and red, and white wake-robin hid  
In the haunted shadow of the bridge :

34      *Spring Winds and Spring Flowers.*

Restless as the bee from bank to brae  
    Rambling with the south wind, dreamy, glad,  
Living over many a vernal day  
    Till the very joy grew strangely sad ;

Thus all day my wayward thoughts have wandered,  
    Bringing back fresh spoils from wood and mead ;  
Simple treasures which have never pandered  
    To the world's gross taste or selfish need.

Faces which have mouldered, mouldered slowly  
    'Neath the hillside turf these many years,  
Come back with you, O spring flowers so lowly,  
    Filling my fond eyes with tender tears—

Tender tears, not wholly sad ; untroubled  
    By one harsh remembrance or regret ;  
Virtues, graces, death perchance has doubled ;  
    Yet, like your frail blooms, their worth is set

In a field of Paschal beauty, teeming  
    With such hopes as make this mortal time  
Part of that grand choral song, redeeming  
    Dust and ashes to a life sublime.

A REMINISCENCE OF PORT KENT.

O'er yon gray crag the still dawn breaks ;  
The light clouds flush, and morning smiles  
Across the wondrous-tinted lake,  
With all its hundred isles.

Those grand old peaks, ærial kings,\*  
With mystic, sunlit glories crowned ;  
The vessels spreading noiseless wings ;  
On shore what peace profound !

Thus limned by memory's faithful touch,  
Champlain, thy summer beauties stand,  
Transcending skill of mortal art,  
And mocking Time's unkindly hand.

And often on my darkened room  
Of sickness, with a mild surprise,  
Thy tinted lake, thy cloud-wreathed peaks,  
And cottage on the shore arise.

\* Mansfield and Camel's Hump.

## F A D E D.

They told me that her cheek had lost  
The richly mantling glow,  
Which told its own unconscious tale  
Of life's exulting flow.

And well I knew they deemed her life,  
At its abounding May,  
Had felt some sky's unkindly blast,  
Some touch of still decay.

But O they knew, they nothing knew  
Of all the nobler joys,  
Which fill the radiant circle up  
As fast as time destroys.

And still I'll deem, though grace and bloom  
May silently depart,  
The glow but leaves the rose's cheek  
To deepen at the heart.

## THE PALMER'S ROSARY.

No coral beads on costly chain of gold  
The Palmer's pious lips at vespers told:  
No guards of art could Pilgrim's favor win  
Who only craved release from earth and sin.  
He from the Holy Land his rosary brought ;  
From sacred olive wood each bead was wrought,  
Whose grain was nurtured, ages long ago,  
By blood the Saviour sweated in His woe ;  
Then on the Holy Sepulchre was laid  
This crown of roses from His passion made ;  
The Sepulchre from which the Lord of all  
Arose from death's dark bed and icy thrall.

Yet not complete that wreath of joy and pain,  
Which for the dead must sweet indulgence gain ;  
The pendent cross, on which with guileless art  
Some hand had graved what touches every heart,  
The image of the Lamb for sinners slain,  
From Bethlehem's crib, now shrine, his prayers obtain ;  
And tears and kisses tell the holy tale  
Of pilgrim love and penitential wail.

The love, the tears which fed his pious flame,  
May well be thine, my heart, in very same ;  
Since bead and cross, by Palmer prized so well,  
At vesper-hour these fingers softly tell,  
And press, through them, each dear and sacred spot  
Where God once walked, "yet men received him not."  
And still with pious Palmer gray of yore,  
Thy lips can kiss the ground He wet with gore,  
Still at the Sepulchre with her delay  
Who found Him risen ere the break of day ;  
And hover round the crib with meek delight  
Where shepherds hasted from their flocks by night,  
To there adore Him whom a Virgin blessed,  
Bore in her arms and nourished at her breast.

My Rosary dear ! my Bethlehem Cross so fair !  
No rose, no lily can with thee compare ;  
No gems, no gold, no art or quaint device  
Could be my precious Rosary's priceless price ;  
For Heaven's eternal joys at holier speed,  
I trust to win through every sacred bead ;  
And still for suffering souls obtain release  
From cleansing fires to everlasting peace.

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## MY ORATORY.

From a shaded nook of my roof-tree room,  
Shines a light like that of a virgin moon,  
Nor day unto day does the joy decline  
Of the light from that hidden, humble shrine ;  
So lowly, so poor, that I almost seem  
On Bethlehem's crib to gaze in a dream.

The naked old beams, and the rafters brown,  
To others may seem to darken and frown ;  
But the light so calm from that shaded nook  
Gilds rafter and beam and rude timber's crook,  
And the chamber's hush at the hour of noon  
Is pleasant as thickets of woods in June.

A crucifix there of most humble make,  
Which I prize for blessed poverty's sake ;  
And a picture, pure, O purer than snow,  
Immaculate Mother of God below,  
And a gleam of beads the sweet secret tells  
Which the gloom of the rustic room dispels.

There are griefs and woes for whose living wound  
No balsam of healing with time is found :  
But the tender light from that humble shrine  
Heals every sorrow and hurt of mine ;  
And present, and past, and future to me  
Are safe in its merciful mystery.



## EARLY CALLED.

Do you remember how he lay  
All through that glorious summer day,  
How beauteous even in lifeless clay ?

Before the window at his head  
Late lilac blooms faint perfumes shed,  
Which floated in around his bed.

The soft airs touched his forehead grand,  
Touched, too, the slender, boyish hand,  
Touched those young lips so pure and bland.

Upon his pillow you had laid  
Fresh garden-flowers ; the light wind strayed  
Among them as if half afraid ;

For summer winds and fragrant air  
Stirred not one thread of slumbering hair ;  
Death's dew had drenched those locks so fair.

Without, the drowsy hum of noon,  
The robin's chirp, the pigeon's croon ;  
Within, the twilight's hush and gloom.

O mortal love ! the dead alone,  
The dead you with such tears bemoan,  
Can still be truly called your own.

With them no change of first affection,  
Death saved their bloom of predilection,  
Brought virtues to a rare perfection.

And now, as I recall that day  
When on his couch of death he lay,  
So beauteous even in lifeless clay,

I think—had our regretful tears  
Reclaimed him to these earthly spheres,  
What risks of sin had marred these years.



## FOREST VESPER.

In the twilight of a pensive mind,  
And the early hour of even,  
I watched the sunlight fade from earth,  
The stars come out in heaven.

Around me creep the forest glooms,  
Around the misty meadow ;  
The very spots the sun most loved  
Lie now in deepest shadow.

A sudden liveness strikes my heart ;  
The old, hushed grief returns,  
As ghosts of heroes grimly stalk  
From slowly-crumbling urns.

The phantoms of my early joys,  
A legion, round me rise ;  
A smile breaks through the dusk of years,  
A look from buried eyes.

I strike my breast in agony ;  
I bend a suppliant knee ;  
My God ! my God ! O let me fly  
And be at rest with Thee !

The sense of night is on my heart,  
The hush, the gloom, the chill ;  
The forest shadows touch my soul  
With their fingers wan and still.

Blessed stars, that on your tranquil thrones  
In vestal beauty burn,  
To you, dear friends of youthful hours,  
My eyes now pleading turn.

Draw me to your empyrean heights,  
Fair vesper lamps of even,  
To learn, for one quenched light of earth,  
Ten thousand wait in heaven.

## THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

When first the twilight dew's descend,  
And dusky glooms the landscape blend,  
And the grand shadows of the wood,  
Which makes our sylvan solitude,  
Creep o'er the garden's flowery slope,  
Where blushing buds at dawning ope ;  
Along its gayly-bordered walk,  
A brown, unsightly, common stalk  
Bursts into beauty, which might seem  
The rapture of an infant's dream ;  
The dry, coarse branches swift unfold  
To lovely chalices of gold,  
With perfumes like that spikenard sweet,  
Poured o'er the dear Redeemer's feet,  
And, like that precious spikenard, praise  
The Lord, who knows no length of days.

Sweet vesper flower ! thy odors teach  
Our hearts, which words might never reach,  
The graces of this silent hour,  
Which on the waiting spirit pour ;

The hush of praise, the peace of prayer,  
The sigh for God, the rest from care ;  
Devotion's twilight perfumes shy,  
Which shun the noonday's torrid eye,  
But hide amid the mists of even,  
To be exhaled at morn to Heaven.



THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

October's loveliest flower, so wondrous blue,  
Whose eyelids, softly fringed, still hold the dew  
Of frosty autumn nights,  
Yet smiles anew  
When morn the hill-top lights !

Thou mindest me by thy celestial dye  
Of our most Virgin Lady's heavenly eye ;  
So meekly hid  
Beneath its fringed lid ;  
With pity wet  
For man, with ills beset.

For love of her I lay thee on her shrine ;  
Make my sweet duty to her, flowret mine,  
And beg that eye, for Jesus's sake, to turn  
On all who sigh and mourn  
In frosty vales, and drear :  
O Lady dear, accept and hear !



## THE WOODLAND GRAVE.

A mound of moss, with tiny, mossy blooms  
Of red and yellow, streaked and speckled o'er,  
And set about with tufts of slender fern,  
And maiden-hair, on waving, ebon stalk ;  
A gleam of beauty 'mid the solemn woods,  
Its deeps of summer verdure, rank on rank,  
And crumbling trunks of still more ancient growth ;  
A bed, perchance, by faithful nature made  
For some dear favorite perished from her arms,  
The cherished treasure of this woodland grave.  
So lovely death comes to the innocent,  
Till we almost forget, it is the price  
Of our lost Eden and its sinless joys.

FROM YOU.

It was an unaimed shaft  
Which touched my heart ;  
Another might have laughed  
Away the smart ;—  
But O ! it flew  
To me from you !

From any other quiver,  
I said, with tears ;  
Then kissed it with a shiver  
Of tender fears,  
For O ! it flew  
To me from you.



A SUNSET AT SPRING PARK.

All day the clouds had been drifting,  
Drifting with wind and with rain ;  
All day my heart had been aching,  
Aching with sorrowful pain.

All day my brain had been thinking,  
All day my fingers had wrought,  
Spite the wild whirl of the tempest,  
Shaping the deed from the thought.

What with the anguish of spirit,  
What with the rain and the toil,  
That was a day whose veiled merit  
My angel could claim as his spoil.

Yet sweetness of God's consolation !  
Of Love ne'er forgetting its own !  
Far over that dark day of autumn  
A sunset of beauty was thrown.

A gleam like the smile of a martyr  
Whose palm-branch and halo are won,  
Flooded forest, and meadow, and homestead,  
Till tempest and trouble were gone.

O life's day of grief and temptation !  
O struggle of right with the wrong !  
The battle is wearily waging,  
And only God's angels are strong.

Yet far on the western horizon,  
True soul, battle-scarred, but well shriven,  
O'er all the barbed pangs of the death-bed  
Will gleam the first glories of heaven!



IN THE TIMBER.

The woods so strangely solemn and majestic,  
The awful noontide twilight 'neath grand trees,  
The hush like that of holy haunts monastic,  
While mighty branches, lifting with the breeze,  
Give glimpses of high heaven's cerulean sheen  
The autumn-tinted leaves and boughs between—

Thus stands the picture. From the homestead door,  
Close in the timber's edge, I strayed one day  
To yonder knoll, where—as to some calm shore  
A mortal bark once drifted in decay—  
A great man lies in pulseless, dreamless sleep,  
Where those two oaks untiring sentry keep.

A few fresh flowers with reverent hand I placed  
Upon the grave—he loved fair nature's lore—  
And with a quickened memory retraced

Our dear old village history once more,  
Made up of all the close familiar ties  
Of common country, lot, and families.

Then, from the knoll, a greensward path I took

Between the sunny cornfields and the wood,  
With southern aspect and a fair off-look ;

Till suddenly, with pulses hushed, I stood  
Beneath this fretted vault, where branches high  
Wove their bright tufts of crimson with blue sky.

The sombrous twilight with a breathless awe

Fell on my heart ; the last year's rotting leaves  
Strewed thickly the soft turf, on which I saw

Shy stalks of dark-stemmed maiden-hair in threes ;  
While round me rose huge oaks, whose giant forms  
Had wrestled with a century's winds and storms.

For life was there, strong life and struggle ; scars

Seamed the firm bark closed over many a wound  
Born 'neath the tranquil eye of heaven's far stars ;

For in their woe the oaks stood, never swooned.—

The great trunks writhed and twisted, groaned, then  
rose  
To nobler height and loftier repose.

Faint heart, weak faith ! How oft in weary pain,  
In lifelong strife with hell's deceitful power,  
I turn me to the brave old woods again,  
Whose leafy coronals exultant tower,  
And all their gold and crimson banners tost  
On the wild wind like some victorious host.



## THE REST IN HOPE.

R. I. P.

In the deep night, before the dawn began,  
When sleep lies heaviest on the eyes of man,  
To a hushed chamber, where the only light  
Shone from the blessed candle, calm and bright,  
God's own death-angel came with kiss of peace,  
And gave the struggling spirit sweet release.

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We left our darling to the cold,  
We left her to the worm and mould ;  
To winter snow, to summer rain,  
Yet, like the seed of blessèd grain,  
Our darling shall arise again.

Arise—not as in weakness sown,  
But unto fair perfection grown ;  
A body of celestial grace,  
And lineage of that ransomed race,  
Beholding Godhead, face to face.



## IN WINTER.

How lonely on the hillside look the graves !  
The summer green no longer o'er them waves ;  
No more, among the frosted boughs, are heard  
The mournful whippoorwill or singing bird.

The rosebush, planted with such tearful care,  
Stands in the winter sunshine stiff and bare ;  
Save here and there its lingering berries red  
Make the cold sunbeams warm above the dead.

Through all the pines, and through the tall, dry grass,  
The fitful breezes with a shiver pass,  
While o'er the autumn's lately flowering weeds  
The snow-birds flit and peck the shelling seeds.

Because those graves look lonely, bleak, and bare,  
Because they are not, as in summer, fair,  
O, turn from comforts, cheery friends, and home,  
And mid their solemn desolation roam !

On each brown turf some fresh memorial lay ;  
O'er each dear hillock's dust a moment stay,  
To breathe a "Rest in Peace," for those who lie  
On lonely hillsides 'neath a winter sky.



## COLD.

Sad heart, thou art a-cold  
With pressing to the mould  
Of that dead heart,  
Within whose dear retreat  
Thine own warm, living beat  
First took its start.

The sunny vernal day  
Charms not that cold away ;  
Its frozen pain  
Melts not with mountain snow,  
Nor iceberg drifting slow  
'Neath April rain.

It was no wintry blast  
O'er thee chill fetters cast ;—  
A cold, still breath  
Came o'er that icy main,  
Once sailed none sail again,  
Which men call Death.

Fresh gales of hope divine  
From heavenly shores benign,  
Celestial airs !  
Blow o'er this new-made bed  
Where my heart's heart lies dead,  
Embalmed in prayers.

Breathe o'er this mournful sod ;  
And when, wild flowers, you nod  
'Neath sun and dew  
Among its springing grass,  
My hope shall death surpass,  
And bloom with you.

*S*TITCHES.

I watched the agèd fingers ply,  
With patient, faithful care,  
The needle's polished shaft, her eye  
Fast fading, but still fair ;

A smile passed o'er her features strangely sweet,  
"It may be, dear, this is my winding-sheet!"  
How many a thought into that seam was stitched,  
Which more than threads of gold the web enriched!

Scarce three days passed; the aged head  
Lay still upon its well-blessed bed;  
A smile dwelt on those features, heavenly sweet,  
For she had claimed her winding-sheet.

Young fingers, tender, rosy, round,  
By many a jeweled circlet bound,  
The needle's gleaming shaft you ply  
'Neath laughing lip and sparkling eye;  
O, who could dream those rosy fingers fleet  
Were gayly stitching their own winding-sheet!



## THE SPRING.

Through the twisted roots of stalwart oaks  
Chipped by the woodpecker's tiny strokes,  
Through the crevices of limestone ledges  
Mossed o'er and dripping at the edges,

Deep in cool shadows from morn to night,  
Its brim with pale jewel-weed bedight,  
Gushes the spring, with a noiseless flow,  
Like a pulse, mysterious, strong, and slow.

To that noiseless spring below the hill,  
Winter and summer, we go to fill  
Pitcher and pail ; and over the brink  
Dips Dolly's pitcher, for "dolls must drink :"  
The cocoanut cup stands on the edge  
Of the mossy, dripping, limestone ledge,  
And the thirsty traveller loves the cool  
Plash of the cup in that living pool.

Out of the shadow into the sun  
The waters with rippling gladness run ;  
And where they break into full sunshine  
Come neighing horses and meek-eyed kine,  
With gamboling younglings at their side,  
To quaff at the brook ; their nostrils wide  
Laid close to the clear, refreshing stream,  
Where flashing sunbeams twinkle and gleam.

Out of the shadow, through sunny mead,  
Where the mother-ducks their young broods lead

To float all day on the tranquil tide,  
Past the willow copse to wheel and glide ;  
The wild drake comes with his mate to stray  
All summer along its margin gay,  
And their screams, and quackle of delight,  
Are heard till the brook winds out of sight.

Such is the household spring of to-day ;  
And far, far back, I have heard men say,  
The lordly chiefs of another race  
Loved the doe and antlered buck to chase  
O'er these wooded knolls ; and from the spring  
The hands of the children often bring  
An arrow-head, long, shapely, and fair,  
To ask its story, then keep with care.

Man's generations have come and gone,  
And the noiseless spring still gushes on ;  
The path to that spring below the hill  
By merry prattlers is threaded still ;  
And, with the shadows that o'er it play,  
A shadow, more shadowy still than they,  
Walks toward the spring at a thoughtful pace,  
A pensive smile on the agèd face.

Often that shadow flits in between  
My eyes, and the landscape's summer sheen ;  
The shoulders bent, and the cap, snow white,  
Flecked with the pathway's shadow and light ;  
Yet something more than the mortal grace  
Now hovers over the tender face,  
And the eyes are turned, with an infinite peace,  
To that place where all labors and sorrows cease.



## SIX STONE STEPS.

The October sun is lighting up  
The sunny limestone wall,  
The five-leaved ivy's crimson leaves  
Have not begun to fall,  
Blackberries on a carmine stem  
Are ripening over all—  
And I? I gaze through blinded eyes,  
On six steps in the wall.

Six rough stone steps, which bear to me  
The record of a life ;  
God knows, O how I longed to smooth  
Such steps for thee, sweet wife ;  
But He had hedged us close within  
A lot with labor rife ;  
Ofttimes it seemed like wasted bloom,  
Thou and thy toilsome life.

The noonday sunshine, calm and warm,  
Is pausing on the stair,—  
My heart with all its memories  
Is also pausing there,  
Recalling one whose weary tread  
Came less from years than care ;  
But a world of patient love was in  
That slow step on the stair.

Time was my heart swelled up against  
The crosses of our state ;  
For us, too early fortune's smile,  
Or, misery ! too late ;

Till when I saw thy faint, wan smile  
I cursed what seemed a fate ;  
But, O ! I learned by that pale gleam  
To read aright our state.

To thee, the landscape never lost  
Its beauty or delight,  
The peaceful wild flower raised its eye  
To one as tranquil, quite ;  
The Eden glory lingering still  
On all that met thy sight ;  
I see thee now upon the stair  
Tranced in a calm delight.

Rough steps I could not smooth for thee  
Were smoothed by thy sweet will,  
Which sucked the honey-drop of good  
From every draught of ill.  
Th' ideal grace was born with thee,  
But, O ! a holier still  
Caught the odor of high sanctity  
From thy transfigured will.

November's sun will blink upon  
A cheerless, cold stone wall,  
The five-leaved ivy's crimson leaves  
Will soon begin to fall,  
And lonely birds will come to peck  
The clinging berries small :  
Sweet wife, thy dead heart speaks to mine  
From six steps in the wall.



## THE EVENING RAIN.

I hear the soft low rain  
Falling on the window pane,  
Feel it too upon my brain—  
Hardly pleasure, hardly pain,  
Yet I feel it on my brain  
As upon the window pane  
Falls the dreamy evening rain.

Softly through these quiet hours  
On the scarcely budded flowers,  
On the newly glinting green  
Through the fragrant woodlands seen,

On the Hawley pastures brown  
Come the still showers kindly down,  
And the prairie's fertile swell  
Blossoms like a fairy dell ;  
While the graves whose sods I cherish,  
Bloom with hopes that cannot perish,  
Under this mild April rain  
Falling on my window pane,  
Which I feel upon my brain.

Hardly pleasure, hardly pain  
Is this sense upon my brain,  
Yet the tears gush to my eyes  
With the rain from vernal skies :  
Something in my memory stirred  
Which has never lived in word,  
Which in thought is scarce defined,  
Yet an image on the mind ;  
Something sweeter than a pleasure  
Which with tender tears I treasure,  
And comes back upon my brain,  
With the vernal evening rain  
Falling on my window pane.

## PRUNING.

It is well, although the heart is aching ;  
It is well, although the heart is sore ;  
For there must be grieving and heart-breaking,  
As there must be scandals, evermore.

It is but another stroke of sorrow ;  
It is but another twinge of pain ;  
Presently will dawn that other morrow,  
And this mortal loss prove heavenly gain.

Thus I bandaged up her great disaster ;  
I could weep to see her suffering so,  
But I said, more gentle is the Master,  
Who has sent this child her bitter woe.

Wherefore should I bind with bootless pity  
That deep wound which needs a saving balm ?  
Keep thy tears for some unreal ditty ;  
To this soul, on which waits crown and palm,

Bring the chrism of a high anointing,  
Or those holy oils, of grace benign,  
Which are brought, by hands of God's appointing,  
To the dying, as salvation's sign.

There is kindness in this early anguish ;  
There is blessing in this overthrow ;  
Head may droop and those dear smiles may languish,  
But there is a strength within, I know,

Waiting only for this time of pruning ;  
We shall see choice clusters on this vine—  
Hark ! do you not hear o'er heaven's rapt tuning,  
" Mine I know, and I am known of mine."



### *A* REQUEST.

No other symbol ask I at my grave,  
Than that rude cross of Him who came to save  
My helpless soul, all tainted through with sin  
Till He alone could make and keep it clean.

Beneath the shadow of that symbol dear,  
I'll rest, secure from all that mortals fear,  
Whether among my green ancestral trees,  
Or on the dreary shore of frozen seas.

No need of friendly hands my turf to weed  
Or plant the faithful myrtle's tender seed ;  
Eyes that must weep for me themselves must close  
And find in death their long-desired repose,  
Till none, of all I love, on earth will dwell  
To guard my senseless dust's low citadel.

The tramp of ages o'er my grave may sound,  
The earthquake shake what seems the solid ground,  
And sacrilegious hands perchance may dare  
To cast my dust, like ashes, on the air ;  
Yet He whose will creative doth preside  
O'er laws which man would number in his pride,  
Still to the hollow of His hand will draw  
What men despise by his serenest law,  
Nor one least grain will He forget to win  
From the dominion of the curse of sin.

ONE HOUR AFTER DEATH.

O' I could envy thee thy solemn sleep,  
Thy sealèd lid, thy rosary-folding palm,  
Thy brow, scarce cold, whose wasted outlines keep  
The "Bona Mors" sublime, unfathomed calm.

I sigh to wear myself that burial robe  
Anointed hands have blessed with pious care :  
What nuptial garb on all this mortal globe  
Could with thy habit's peaceful brown compare ?

Beneath its hallowed folds thy feeble dust  
Shall rest securely through the night of time,  
Unharmèd by worm, or damp, or century's rust ;  
But fresh, as youth, shall greet th' eternal prime

Of that clear morn, before whose faintest ray  
Earth's bliss will pale, a taper's flickering gleam ;  
I see it break ! the pure, celestial day,  
And stars of mortal hope already dim.

“In pace,” Lord, O ! let her sweetly rest  
In Paradise, this very day with thee ;  
Her faithful lips her dying Lord confessed,  
Then let her soul thy risen glory see !



*A* LEAF.

Within a small, choice book of pious lore,  
A single, crumbling leaflet guarded lies ;  
Long years have robbed it of its spicy scent,  
Its vernal dyes.

Pale, dying fingers, out of love for me,  
Its fragrant stem broke from the parent stalk ;  
Mid sadly flickering smiles, and, well we knew,  
Our last, last earthly talk.

No word, no sigh of parting ; one wan smile,  
A cheery word with trembling fondness spoken,  
And our full past was garnered, griefs and joys,  
All in this token.

So frail, so worthless ; yet the leaf outlives  
The hand that plucked, the eye that beamed its  
    meaning ;  
The faithful, fervent heart, the noble brain,  
    With wisdom teeming.

The worm has claimed that which the soul made  
    precious ;  
The leaf survives the touch that made its worth :  
Behold, O heart, what rest for thee remaineth  
    With things of earth !

*SONG.*

I knew she was loved by another, I knew,  
Yes—I knew it was hopeless, yet still I loved on,  
As if but to let that illusion depart  
Was to blot out all loveliness under the sun.

How could I the dream of my boyhood resign,  
O how break the fair spell which my soul had entranced!

The first burst of sunshine on life's early way  
Which had all other joys by its gladness enhanced!

Transfigured, the dream of my boyhood now dwells,  
As remote as yon star, as a vestal serene;  
Untouched in its beauty, unsullied by aught  
Of a world whose celestial is lost in terrene.



### *A MAY BREEZE.*

As fragrant blooms by blushing orchard shed,  
When spring's advancing season ripens fast,  
O such the blossoms which the heart has fed  
With all the dewy sweetness of the past.

But like those winds whose stormy passage sweeps  
The wailing trees, but leaves fair fruit behind,  
Life's changing scenes, which man still hourly weeps,  
Pledge fruit, than blooms, more constant and more kind.

PEACE.

“Not as the world giveth do I give to you.” ST. JOHN xiv, 27.

Break not its sleep, the faithful grief, still tender ;  
God gives at length His own belovèd rest ;  
How worn the suffering brow ! yet those meek fingers  
Still press the cross of patience to her breast.

Stir not the air with one sweet, lingering cadence  
From life's fair prime of love and hope and song ;  
Serener airs, from martyr hosts celestial,  
To that high trance of conquered peace belong.

Hush mortal joy or wail, hush mortal pæans ;  
Ye cannot reach that Thabor height sublime  
Where God's eternal joy, in tranquil vision,  
Seems nearer than the sights and sounds of time.



## THE TWO CITIES.

A lonely mortal, wasted, faint, yet staid,  
Paused in the deep Cathedral-portal's shade ;  
The footworn threshold-stone his lips salute,  
A moment pause in adoration mute,  
Then with uplifted eye and forehead bare  
Those fasting lips his purpose grand declare :—

Upon those lowly ways thy saints have trod,  
My weary feet would enter, O my God !  
Flinty, perchance, those ways, and hard to find ;  
To feet unused like mine how steep to climb ;  
Yet safe while kept, they all my heart ensnare  
Of Jesu's pilgrims meek the sacred garb to wear.

Behind me lies the city of my life,  
Its once dear joys, their rapture and their strife ;  
Hope's smiling temple and triumphal arch,  
Ambition's sculptured wreaths ; the festive march  
Still sounding in my ear, and dearer still  
Young love's Arcadian pipes with tender memories fill.

Weep, O my heart, yet break not nor despair,  
Though vanquished lies that city once so fair !

Death sacked its temples—colonnades of joy ;  
Its playful fountains did his hand destroy,  
And round me laid its crested towers of pride,  
In mournful, hopeless ruins, crumbling side by side.

Forth from their beauty's melancholy waste  
Meekly my feet essay, my God, to haste ;  
The ashes of my pleasant places, lo !  
I scatter on my head as forth I go,  
Like penitential dust, and tear and sigh  
Are offered at the shrine of Majesty on high.

My pilgrim staff, my scallop shell, are all  
I covet of world's wealth ; and poor and small  
The crucifix I place upon my breast,  
My all of solace and my all of rest ;  
My book, my guide, my wisdom here are stored,  
Thou suffering image of th' Incarnate Word !

Afar, quite melting in my western sky,  
And mingling with its ever gorgeous dye,  
The walls celestial of a city fair  
I can discern, most beauteous and most rare ;  
Towards that my pilgrim footsteps quickening turn,  
For those eternal gates, alone, I sigh and burn !

## THE RETURNED REGIMENT.

A shrill fife and a drum's wild beat,  
And the throngs on the busy street  
    Give way ;  
For with banners blood-stained and rent,  
And its strong men with shoulders bent,  
Returns a brave regiment  
    To-day.

Stalwart men who would laugh at fear,  
Lovely women with children dear,  
    Matron and sire—  
Tender maidens in beauty coy,  
Ardent youths with their pulse of joy  
    And souls of fire—

Pause with a lingering gaze  
In the midst of the crowded ways :  
    And moistening eyes  
Watch the worn, battle-thinned line,  
Stepping true to the martial time,  
Till the beat of heroic rhyme  
    In distance dies.

The waves of that human sea  
Of life and of destiny  
    Roll on once more ;  
Yet, over the city's roar,  
The fife and the drum's wild strain,  
Like some battle-song's refrain,  
Catch my still listening ear ;  
Start anew the lingering tear ;  
And I know, I know full well,  
By my own heart's aching swell,  
How the pulses, gentle and rude,  
Of that pausing multitude  
With a nameless feeling beat,  
A sympathy noble and sweet,  
To the rhythm of patriot feet :—  
How the battle's terrible joy  
Surged up in the heart of the boy ;  
While the man who knew not fear  
Was not ashamed of a tear,  
As the story of marches sore,  
Of rivers on rivers of gore  
Mid the musketry's sulphurous breath,  
    And still, stark death,

Was told by an awful sign  
In the worn and battle-thinned line,  
And the strong men with shoulders bent,  
Of the brave returnèd regiment.



COL. JAMES A. MULLIGAN.

INSCRIBED TO THE "IRISH BRIGADE."

O comrades dear,  
Well may a tear  
Drop on this bier :  
More gentle dust  
Earth never took in trust,  
And ne'er resigned  
A mortal mind  
Of temper more heroic or more kind.

Malice could harm not, envy could not stir,  
Nor mammon tempt this soul to worship her ;  
Brief honors paled before his generous heart,  
For such choice souls earth has no price, no mart.

O brave true heart, O pulses strong and good,  
Which throbbed as Christian patriot's only could ;  
O calm, wise will, O swift impetuous thought,  
O valorous joy which deeds for history wrought ;

O noble presence, with a chieftain's grace  
Lighting the tall, grand form, the poet's face ;  
O sweet, clear voice, which through hoarse battles rang  
With all a trumpet's gladness, not its clang !

Weep strong men must,  
Since all before us now is lifeless dust ;  
Majestic clay  
Is all, good friends, death leaves to us to-day ;  
And well the tear  
Beseems this Christian dust, this patriot bier.

Strip the sad altars ; Priest in sable stole,  
Breathe your best benison upon his soul :  
Dread " Dies Iræ," sound the depths forlorn  
Of death and judgment ; and then Hope, Christ-born,  
Tune thy serenest voice to chant at morn  
" Requiescat in pace !"

## MARIAN.

Now the great Rebellion's over  
And this cruel war is done,  
All the troops are gayly marching  
To the tune of "Home, sweet Home ;"  
O my God, my God, forgive me !  
Mary, aid me by thy prayer !  
For the anguish of my spirit  
Seems too great for me to bear.

All the valleys teem with echoed  
Meetings, greetings, heart's delight,  
Like the sound of pleasant fountains  
In the fragrant summer night ;  
Till I cower before my sorrow,  
Cease to wrestle with my grief,  
Only crying, " God forgive me !  
Mary, Mother, bring relief !"

Could his fame my heart-break solace,  
Well I know the valorous story,  
All the deeds of generous daring  
Which have steeped his name in glory ;

And our darlings, O my hero !  
Shall those deeds with pride repeat,  
Yet I cry—may God forgive me—  
“Life seemed long and love was sweet !”

While the battle's din was raging,  
And the conflict wild and hot,  
I could almost say, “for country  
Be my own heart's woe forgot ;”  
But the great Rebellion's over,  
And this cruel war quite done,  
And the soldiers gayly marching  
To the tune of “Home, sweet Home ;”  
Now I cower before my anguish,  
All this life-time left to me,  
Only crying, “God forgiving,  
Holy-Mother, comfort me !”



## WITH THEE.

How shall I follow thee, my heart's beloved,  
Dear soul, the twin of mine ;  
How cross these dismal wastes of separation  
And round thy pathway shine ?

How lift to thy sad lips the cup of comfort,  
How be thy oil, thy wine,  
How meet thy swift temptation at the threshold  
With shield of faith divine ?

O, how shall I secure my place beside thee,  
When o'er thy filming eye  
Creep those dread mists which tell affrighted nature  
The time has come to die ?

Talk not of written word or lightning message ;  
Too slow for love's behest ;  
Upon that wasted moment may be pending  
Life, Heaven, all graces best.

Not occult science, aught of man's invention,  
Can keep thy hand in mine :  
My prayer must track thee through the weary distance,  
And sign thee with its sign.

Although wild snow-drifts block the mountain passes,  
Though storms lash ocean's brine,  
My still persistent prayer shall win an answer  
For each sore need of thine.

My hand upon my mouth, my mouth in ashes,  
Thus prostrate, Lord, I pray ;  
Myself of dust an atom ; Thou, Creator,  
Whence all benignly ray !

The children's suppliant call is ne'er unheeded ;  
Omnipotence doth lend  
Itself, through saint, through angel, fire and water,  
To be the creature's friend.

My cry shall conquer distance, all sad forces  
Which fallen nature boasts ;  
For Heaven will send to thee, in sweet attendance,  
Its beatific hosts.

O'er treacherous death itself, all foresight mocking,  
Shall thus prevail my prayer,  
For Jesus, Mary, Joseph will be with thee  
However, when and where !



# A WORD.

“Aura !” gayly whispered in my ear  
As the merry dancers floated near,  
Like a sudden ray of sunshine clear  
Told how to his soul I was most dear.

Light, and music, and companions gay,  
In my joy like snow-wreaths passed away ;  
Vernal gladness on my spirit lay  
Like still valleys lapped in blooming May.

“Aura !” all our happy love was told  
In that word ; volumes could not hold  
Though illumined all in gems and gold ;  
Music never could its sense unfold.

Many weary years have come and gone,  
I have counted them, each, one by one,  
Since they laid him under that cold stone,  
Under the sweet June turf, all alone.

But that word thus whispered from his heart  
Into mine, can never thence depart ;  
Often, even now, I turn and start,  
The old sunshine flooding world and heart.

It may be—God knows I, ne'er repine—  
On that shore not fanned by aught of time,  
And which God himself makes all sublime,  
It may be that true heart waiteth mine:

Waiteth, with a high angelic sense,  
Rapture of celestial innocence  
Of th' eternal joy an effluence ;  
Purged in the eye of God's omnipotence.

Thus, without a sigh of courage faint,  
Ceased what was a memory more than plaint ;  
Mortal love outgrown its mortal taint,  
All the woman verging to the saint.

## JN RETREAT.

Dear shades of St. Mary's ! how calm is the beat  
Of the heart's warmest pulse in thy hallowed retreat ;  
How softly the flow of thy penitent's tears  
Washes off the sad trace of less fortunate years.

Before thy still shrine, a worn pilgrim, I kneel,  
Awaiting the touch which has promised to heal :  
How kind, on the heart which has suffered, descends  
The benison mild of the mildest of friends !

Dear shades of St. Mary's ! again I must take  
A pilgrim's rough staff, loved for poverty's sake ;  
Yet brightly the lamp of Loretto will shine  
O'er every dark pathway and trouble of mine.

O clear be the sunshine, and kindly the showers,  
And tranquil the moonlight o'er all thy fair bowers ;  
And sweet, as thy own vesper cadence, the flow  
Of St. Joseph, thy steep wooded bankments below.

O still may thy hare-bells in loveliness dwell  
Along thy shy paths, overhanging each dell ;  
And never may time, with its pitiless damp,  
Quench the vestal-fed flame of Loretto's dear lamp !



LUCIFER MATUTINUS.

From a heart of infinite longing the youth  
Looks out on the world ;  
“ Where, spirit of candor, where, spirit of truth,  
Are thy banners unfurled ?

“ O chivalrous chastity, lovely as morn,  
The dew on thy helmet, I hail thee afar ;  
Like Lucifer, beautiful angel of dawn,  
I wear thy deep azure, I follow thy star.

“ Not mammon, not lucre ; though white as sea-gulls  
The broad sails I watch studding ocean's blue deep,  
To droop their gay pennons where dreamily lulls  
The tropical breeze, and the Lotus-flower sleeps.

“But glory ! but honor ! the joy of a name  
Not written on sand ; which for ages will stir  
All hearts that are noble, or kindle the flame  
Of devotion consuming the rapt worshipper.”

Thus from heart of infinite longing, the youth,  
Looking out on the world,  
Cries ever, “Woo wisdom, woo beauty, woo truth ;”  
The sordid world, jaded with care, answers, “Ruth  
Waits on thy wild dreamings, O turbulent youth ;”  
And with laughter uncouth  
Mocks life’s fairest banners in brightness unfurled.

O heart of the ostrich ! above its own graves  
Of innocent hopes the world every day raves,  
And moans, with a pitiful droon of despair,  
O’er candor and honor, once blooming so fair ;  
Yet treads with a wanton, unpitying scorn,  
To earth every sweet aspiration of morn,  
True mark of a soul to infinity born ;  
Or leaves, to the chance of the desert, the good  
Which God, at creating, charged angels to brood,  
And martyrs have guarded with rivers of blood.

THE DEATH OF ST. JOSEPH.

“ Let me die the death of the just, and may my last end be like his ”

A simple print from hand of high renown  
Upon my low bed's head looks kindly down ;  
—The patriarch Joseph, foster-father mild  
Of Nazareth's Virgin Mother's heavenly Child,  
His dying head pressed close against the knee  
Of the Incarnate Son and Deity ;—  
The Virgin Mother kneeling gently near  
Dissolved in prayer, on that mild cheek a tear ;  
Thus has the Christian Master's pious mind,  
Great Overbeck, the “ Just man's ” death designed.

The Picture, breathing all the holy peace  
Of souls which find in death, from death, release,  
Thus placed, a wish long cherished found expression—  
When I shall come to my death-bed confession ;  
When faithful priest shall that last unction give  
Which bids these lapsing, dying senses live  
On God's own day of happy resurrection,  
As long tried vessels of most sweet election ;

When on my parched, enfeebled tongue shall lie  
Jesus, himself, in loving mystery ;  
Then may three friends, in fair, celestial state,  
Unseen, around my bed benignly wait :  
Thus shall I win, while yielding up my breath,  
Life's last and crowning grace, a happy death.

O Jesus, Mary, Joseph ! thus I sigh  
Each night as 'neath that picture's wing I lie ;  
O Jesus, Mary, Joseph ! me befriend  
When this so troubled life shall near its end ;  
O Jesus, Mary, Joseph ! with you near  
Death's dreaded spectres all will disappear ;  
And though no friend be near with pious care  
To wipe the death-sweat, lift the last sweet prayer,  
Contentedly, serenely, I can die  
In your most dear and holy company.



OUR NEIGHBOR.

Set it down gently at the altar rail

The faithful, aged dust with honors meet ;  
Long have we seen that pious face, so pale,  
Bowed meekly at her Saviour's blessed feet.

These many years her heart was hidden, where  
Nor moth, nor rust, nor craft of man could harm ;  
The blue eyes, seldom lifted, save in prayer,  
Beamed with her wished-for heaven's celestial calm.

As innocent as childhood's was the face,  
Though sorrow oft had touched that tender heart ;  
Each trouble came as winged by special grace,  
And resignation saved the wound from smart.

On bead and crucifix her fingers kept,  
Until the last, their fond accustomed hold ;  
" My Jesus," breathed the lips ; the raised eyes slept,  
The placid brow, the gentle hand grew cold.

The choicely ripening cluster, lingering late  
Into October on its shrivelled vine,  
Wins mellow juices, which in patience wait  
Upon those long, long days of deep sunshine.

Then set it gently at the altar rail,  
The faithful, aged dust with honors meet ;  
How can we hope if such as she can fail  
Before the Eternal God's high judgment-seat !



## IT IS THE WORLD.

“It is the world,” the good religious said,  
Then sighed a pitying sigh, and shook her head ;  
“It is the world :” so, for a double sin,  
Not one reproach did those chaste lips begin.  
She who with vigils long and fastings strait  
Sought to pass safely through the heavenly gate,  
For that young creature's guilt, her wrong and shame,  
Had only words of sorrow—none of blame.

O, selfish worldlings, who the bird decoy  
With such sweet flatteries only to destroy ;  
O, selfish worldlings, who the misery see  
To pass in censure or in mockery ;  
O, selfish worldlings, who, like whited tombs,  
Are filled at heart with passion's festering bones,  
Shrink like the murderer from the dead man's corse,  
Thank heaven that with thee it has proved no worse,  
And wholesome penance shall a lesson teach  
Of charity, beyond the grace of speech.



## POCCULTATION OF VENUS.

[APRIL 21ST, 1860.]

The virgin moon with one clear star  
Poised lightly on its shining horn,  
A vestal lamp, whose beauteous flame  
Was for an evening's wonder born—

Thus Venus paused with kindling beams  
O'er lovely Dian's crescent white ;  
A moment quivered, flashed anew,  
Then slowly passed from eager sight.

O grandest star of matin hours !  
O loveliest star of tranquil even !  
What doom has quenched thy peerless ray,  
And robbed the azure dome of heaven ?

O pain of loss, how sharp thy blade !  
How keen thy search, bereavèd eyes !  
While swift as thought our glances range  
The glittering spaces of the skies.

In vain for me red Saturn's rings  
Or Jupiter's revolting moons ;  
Their light, like thine, can never charm  
The silent evening's pensive glooms.

Love's faithful eye will miss thy gleam  
As twilight steals o'er lake and shore,  
And weep to think those joyous waves  
Reflect thy beauties never more.

One twinkling gleam, and lo ! the star  
Now mourned as lost, fair Dian, glides  
Beside thee, loved companion still,  
On thy calm orbit's tranquil tides.

Unshorn its ray, undimmed its light,  
But hidden, not withdrawn from view,  
Again the star of love and joy  
Gleams softly from the vaulted blue.

O friend, whose genius like a star  
Once o'er my life as fairly shone,  
In vain I wait thy swift return  
In death's long occultation gone !

Suns, systems, cycles, duly turn  
On thy short axle, finite time,  
And only man still grandly claims  
Eternal spaces, God's sublime

Infinitude of place, beyond  
Thy blue, and vasty firmament ;  
From whence, to time, none e'er return,  
Though hearts may break in sharp lament.

## THE GOLDEN GATE.

In thy still haze of golden light,  
The masted ships float out of sight ;  
The merchandise of distant shores,  
The light skiff with its dipping oars,  
The steaming tug with all the strife  
The laboring pant of present life,  
All, all serenely pass the strait  
Lost in thy haze, O Golden Gate.

Upon the nearer billow's crest  
My bark drifts on, in wild unrest ;  
The swelling wave, the pitch, the heave,  
Around the sobbing waters grieve,  
While onward through the Golden Gate  
The ships still pass in tranquil state ;  
Till Love, which fain would Hope believe,  
Cries, " Can those distant waves deceive ?"



EDITH'S BIRTHDAY.

ACROSTIC.

Edith, "Saxon Edith" brings,  
Darling child, to mind stern things  
In the history of kings ;  
Tender strains of ancient story,  
Human anguish, human glory.

Happier far than princess gay  
Ever sung in roundelay,  
Artless Edith makes this day  
Live on home's dear page in glory :  
Youth, sweet harpist, tune the story.



THE FADED ACORN.

Eight years ago, this very morn,  
Young Jamie brought in playful mood  
This acorn, as the prettiest culled  
From all the acorns of the wood.

O summer morning gay with hope !  
O summer evening chill with horror !  
Let young larks sing the morning's joy  
But whippoorwill the evening's sorrow.

Her cypress wreaths with acorns fair,  
And tufts of oak, Fidela weaves ;  
And many a slowly sliding tear  
Drops, heavy, on their mingling leaves.



ORION.

Orion's belt and sword of power  
Flash brightly, through the clear, keen night,  
And bring to mind one happy hour,  
Like some wild glacier's beauteous flower  
Abloom amid the Arctic white.

It was no joy of summer time,  
Of flowering hedge, of breezes warm :  
Love gives all seasons one charmed prime ;  
Softly to love the fierce winds chime  
Alean on the beloved arm.

So passed we down the wide, bleak street ;  
The lights flared wildly mid the gloom,  
The snow-path crisped beneath our feet,  
But love's dear converse kept the sweet  
Key-note of woods in leafy June.

The wildest, bleakest corner turned,  
Orion caught that master eye  
For which the Southern cross had burned,  
Which had through ocean's leisure learned  
The mystic groups of every sky.

The winds piped on ; Orion's stars  
We counted, flashing through the night ;  
Thenceforth not Venus, not red Mars,  
I watch at night through lattice bars,  
But grave Orion's girded might.

Strange stars ! above a grass-grown tomb,  
I ne'er have seen, you nightly shine ;  
Watch gently through the midnight gloom  
Where, waiting God's dread trump of doom,  
Lies that dear dust I claimed as mine.

## WINTER.

On the street,  
I hear the crispy tread of snowy feet ;  
Everywhere,  
Through doors, through windows, creeps the icy air.

I shiver  
As twilight settles over town and river,  
Looking forth  
So drearily towards the frozen north.

In the grate  
Glows to its heart the fiery anthracite ;  
Yet the chill  
Of the season pierces through me still.

But the poor—  
God help them ! To Thy mercy's open door  
Must we bring  
Thy poor ones, Jesus, as their lowly King.

Hands drop down  
Fainting with hunger, and the well-fed frown  
When they see  
The pinched and pleading face of poverty.

Poor and thin  
Are the soiled garments they must wander in ;  
While the proud  
Still claim the warm, soft cashmere for a shroud.

Old teeth must  
Break with slow, patient toil the refuse crust,  
While a dish  
Suits the young gourmand's every varying wish.

Yet the poor,  
Jesus, are Thine ; and, as to make it sure,  
For their sake  
Thou didst Thy cradle of a manger make.

All Thy years,  
Thy three-and-thirty, passed in toil and tears ;  
And no bed  
Hadst Thou at night on which to lay Thy head.

In Thy mind  
Thy poor ones live, and still Thy heart so kind  
Remembers  
Bethlehem, and the chill of our Decembers.

Therefore take  
The shivering to Thy arms for Bethlehem's sake ;  
While sweet heed  
Will Mary take for little ones in need.



## EASTER-TIDE.

“ My flesh also shall rest in hope.”

With the spring come happy voices  
On the street,  
Merry greetings, infant laughter  
Gay and sweet.

With the spring what rush of waters  
To the sea !  
Brooks run races down the mountains  
In their glee.

With the spring come happy odors ;  
    Skies how blue !  
Grass—you almost see it growing—  
    Tipped with dew.

With the spring, on brookside, hillside,  
    In the glen,  
Tangled woodlands, wastes of prairies  
    Far from men—

Everywhere are wild flowers springing,  
    Banks of bloom ;  
Snowy clusters break the bearded  
    Forest's gloom.

With the spring, a low, sweet twitter  
    Thrills the leaves,  
Where the robin at her nest-work  
    Deftly weaves.

With the spring ! God knows—God only—  
    That dear pain,  
Pressing hearts, whose mortal treasure  
    Comes again

Not with leaf-buds, or the sprouting  
Of the grain,  
When its tender blade clothes softly  
All the plain.

Yet with spring, than spring more precious,  
Comes a hope :  
For this flesh an expectation,  
Strong to cope

With thee, Death, its deathless pulses  
Beating life,  
Fresh as Heaven's eternal spring-time,  
Which thy strife,

Blessèd Christ, in dying won us ;  
Life, through death,  
Bringing to this weary mortal  
Yielding breath.

With the spring, then, happy nature  
Keeps with me,  
In this hope of resurrection,  
Jubilee.

Blossoms, song-birds, all spring voices  
The world wide,  
Chant thy solemn Paschal blessings,  
Easter-tide.



THE ALTAR AND THE HEARTH.

High in heaven the full moon rideth,  
High in heaven the moon shines clear,  
Only on the lake's blue distance  
Films the frosty atmosphere.

With a half regretful feeling  
Drops my shade between the moon  
And the cozy, evening comfort  
Of my softly-lighted room.

O'er the pictures flicks the firelight,  
O'er the little tropic bower,  
Which before the southern window  
Beareth many an altar flower.

With a sense of blessed quiet,  
Culling out a favorite book  
Rich in lore of sacred sweetness  
From its carved and shaded nook,

Sorrows, labors, are remembered  
But to point my picture's white ;  
Sophie enters, with a " Please, ma'am,  
Vespers will be sung to-night."

Chill the firelight, blank the moonlight ;  
Shame, false heart, shame, faint desire !  
Shame upon the creature comforts  
Which thus quench devotion's fire !

From the firelight, from the quiet,  
Out into the glittering air,  
Pass I with an humbled conscience,  
Pass I with a contrite prayer

Into the Cathedral's shadow,  
Broad and solemn 'neath the moon ;  
Till the portal shows the altar  
Far, far off in blaze of noon ;

Blazing with a tranquil rapture  
Like the vision of a saint,  
Mid the screen-work's massive recess  
And the traceries dark and quaint ;

While the organ's tender anthem,  
Like a palpitating prayer,  
Thrills the arches, where the incense  
Falters, lost in shadows there.

Hush !—hushed the grand “ Magnificat ;”  
Hushed the “ Tantum ergo ” ’s swell ;  
Only through the odorous incense  
Chimes the beat of silver bell.

Hushed the crowd in bending silence,  
Adoration, sweet, profound ;  
Till the “ Gloria ” ’s solemn gladness  
Pours its peal on peal of sound.

Once more in the frosty moonlight ;  
Once more by the hearth's kind blaze ;  
But my heart from its old eyrie  
Spreads its eagle wing of praise.

## THE PASCHAL FLOWER.

From a crown of pale leaves like the thorny,  
Dry crown of the passion,  
Springs a fresh, tender, purple corolla,  
In grace and fair fashion

Like the crocus, save as in wild roses  
Are clustered its anthers ;  
And to all eager questionings from us  
Serenely it answers:—

Paschal blossom, the simple folks call us,  
For at this glad season  
Our pale purple-blooms come as mementoes  
Of Jesus arisen.

In His hands still the prints of His passion;  
And still we are born  
With this circlet, in ghostly remembrance  
Of His dolorous thorn.

As the fold of our Lady's blue mantle,  
Spite all her glad morrow,  
Ever keeps in its lining's faint purple  
The hint of her sorrow ;

The good Jesus with this has endowed us  
In mystical token—  
The sad tint of His bruise in His anguish,  
And sweet body broken.

Therefore "Paschal flower" simple folks call us,  
And at this glad season  
Our buds come to them gentle remindals  
Of Jesus arisen.



## MOTHS.

An India shawl—of texture wondrous fair,  
Wrought in with rich devices quaint and rare,  
And coloring deftly gorgeous, such as blooms  
Only in solemn Asia's handilooms,  
Worn but on pageant days of human pride,  
And, stately service ended, laid aside—

One day was taken from its choice retreat,  
A camphor box inlaid with spice-woods sweet,  
When lo! through fold on fold precisely laid,  
Each steeped in purest dyes of loveliest shade,  
A single moth, with dull, and sullen tooth,  
Had cut in silent but relentless ruth.

O lives of costly leisure, through your years  
Adorned with graceful culture which endears,  
And blessed opportunities, which would  
Delight an angel, for all service good,  
Cuts no dull sluggard tooth of selfish ease—  
Yourselves content because yourselves you please?  
The good you might have done and did not do,  
Left, like some silent malison, with you  
To work its own revenge, to breed the moth,  
The unsightly worm of spiritual sloth.

That web of life, of texture wondrous fair,  
Enriched with colors, and devices rare,  
Which God had fashioned from His boundless will  
To such consummate beauty, thwarts His skill:  
What should have been a wedding garment wrought  
With threads of golden deeds, and generous thought

Of others' weal or wo, kept bright with use,  
Clean as baptismal robe from sin's abuse,  
Is but a moth-cut tissue, to surprise  
In that dread light which visits dying eyes.



## THE CONFESSOR.

Father, I am faint with toil, am weary,  
Weary of my life ; how long and dreary  
    Seems the road,  
Leading, though I know it leads, to God :  
Tell me how my courage still to stay  
On this road of toil, this upward way—  
    “ Pray, child, pray ! ”

Oft I hear God's blessèd truth condemned,  
Oft I hear His Holy Church contemned ;  
    Men revile,  
At the sacred mysteries carp and smile :  
O my Father, thou art learned and wise,  
Some persuasive argument devise—  
    “ Pray, child, pray ! ”

There is dread temptation, full of wrath,  
Waiting for that soul ; alas ! Heaven's path

Through it lies :

He is passing on with blinded eyes ;  
Help me, O my Father, I am weak,  
Some good word of warning well to speak :—

“ Pray, child, pray !”

O my Father, fervent souls have grown  
Lukewarm, thankless ; Jesus claims his own,

Yet they leave

His fond heart o'er man's neglect to grieve :

Father, from thy treasures old and new

Lend me some sweet shaft to pierce them through :—

“ Pray, child, pray !”



SUPPLICATION.

For all who grope, yet do not know they grope,  
O God! for Thee—

For souls who sigh, yet do not know they sigh,  
Sweet Lord, for Thee—

For all who light would love if but that light  
They once could see—

We supplicate, anew, Thy loving charity.

For those who light receive, and yet that light,  
O Lord, reject—

For those who truth perceive, yet more than truth  
Man's eyes respect,

And, with perverse desire, while claiming good  
The wrong elect—

From their own wilful blindness, patient Lord, protect.

Man cannot scan man's heart; God's eye alone  
Its secret reads;

We see the ill, yet cannot trace the wound  
From which it bleeds,

And our poor skill stops close upon the edge  
Of sorest needs ;  
We sow, yet know not where will spring the goodly  
seeds.

With tears, and prayers, we labor for that soul  
Whose peace we crave ;  
Tribes, nations, generations go their way ;  
But this to save  
Fire, tempest, shipwreck, calumny if need—  
All we could brave,  
Or moulder slowly on within an unnamed grave.

The tear, the sigh, the agony of prayer,  
Of all request,  
We give to Thee, great God, for near or far  
As serves Thee best :  
All, all are dear to Thee ; we sink the choice  
In Thy behest :  
Canst Thou the hearts withstand which on Thee  
blindly rest ?



THE ORPHANS' CRY.

“ O, the dreary, cheerless winter !  
O, the fearful, bitter cold !”  
And the little orphans shiver,  
Little orphans of Christ's fold,  
As He shivered, through December,  
In harsh Bethlehem's crib of old.

Do you hear them, hear them, Christians,  
In your homes, so fair and warm ?  
In your homes where you have clustered  
All your little ones from harm,  
Where the baby lies so snugly,  
Pillowed on its mother's arm ?

Do you hear their cry, O mothers,  
Mothers of a happy brood,  
Do you hear the orphans pleading,  
“ O, sweet Christian, kind and good,  
Give us, for the love of Jesus,  
Give us clothing, give us food !”

Happy fathers, happy mothers,  
Brothers, sisters, children all,  
Do you hear, with "Merry Christmas!"  
This sad plea, the orphans' call,  
As they huddle in discomfort,  
God's own younglings, dear and small?

We have heard your tender pleadings,  
We have heard your shivering sigh:  
Never, surely, can a Christian  
Pass the needy orphan by;  
Never hope for pard'ning mercy,  
Should he slight your helpless cry.

Christ, in you, O tender children,  
As in Bethlehem's crib we see;  
Like His feeble, infant wailing,  
Is the little orphan's plea;  
For He said, "The cup of water,  
In My name, is given Me!"



THE CHILDREN'S MASS.

On these blessed Sunday mornings,  
All the early Masses done,  
And before, in all the churches,  
The grand High-Mass is begun ;

Comes the Mass for you, my children,  
Others cannot pass the door ;  
From the loft peals forth the organ,  
And the children are the choir.

Yes, for you, O happy children,  
God is in the Host adored,  
For you His sweet body lifted,  
For you His sweet blood is poured.

All to bring your childhood graces  
In its hour of special need ;  
Make you, of the dear child Jesus,  
Faithful followers indeed.

Happy, happy, happy children !  
In your innocence thrice blessed,  
He who made you, claimed you, saved you,  
Is become your special guest.

Never let us grown-up people  
Crowd upon the children's Mass ;  
On their little souls so tender  
All its floods of mercy pass :

And, O children dear, remember—  
With it let your young hearts burn—  
For this special grace and mercy  
Make your Jesus sweet return.



ISABELL.

I asked a poet, could he tell,  
In his song I loved so well,  
Something of our Isabell?

Could he to charmed numbers set  
This choice bud, with spring dews wet,  
My heart's child, my violet ?

Eyes, I said, which caught their hue,  
With a mystic transport too,  
From the sky's high heaven of blue.

Blushes, smiles, and winning graces,  
Ever tempting new caresses,  
While like sunlight gleam her tresses.

Such her beauty's dazzling store ;  
Yet, O poet, far, far more  
Is this child to my heart's core.

Blush, and smile, and winsome air,  
But my darling's love declare ;  
Eyes but mirror soul more fair.

Thus as to my heart I press her,  
In sweet silence I caress her,  
Praying, " Heart of Jesus, bless her !"

Heart of Jesus, meek and tender,  
Heart of Mary, O, defend her,  
Never unto ill surrender.

“Jesus! Mary!” lisping plead  
Her young lips for daily need;  
Jesus! Mary! sweetly heed.



## ROBIN REDBREAST.

An early bird is our Robin, bold Rob,  
The first of the frosty spring,  
A russet blush on his rounded breast,  
And sunlight tipping his wing.

With a chirp how he hops from bough to bush,  
And his song how blithe and clear!  
Our youngest darling knows Robin Redbreast,  
The merriest bird of the year.

On the sweetbrier bush, just under the eaves,  
See, Robin has built his nest;  
And where is the child with hand so rude  
As Robin's home to molest?

But mamma will slide the shutter each morn  
To give a glimpse, on the sly,  
At the lovely blue eggs by Redbreast laid,  
In the nest so snug and shy.

From the topmost bough of that lofty elm  
He sings to his mate so dear,  
And four little robins will Redbreast raise  
To sing us sweet songs next year.

And when the four little robins are fledged;  
If our own Robins are good,  
They shall hear a story of Robin Redbreasts  
And two dear "Babes in the Wood."



TO FANNY.

ON HER FIRST BIRTHDAY.

One milestone you have passed already,  
Little lady,  
On the slippery way we mortals walk  
Before we talk.

Many a baby, dearly loved as thou,  
Has drooped its brow,  
Closing, with a look of awed surprise,  
Its beauteous eyes.

Lilies were they, under mystic doom  
Never to bloom  
This side Heaven; the while an angel said,  
“Spare earth this maid.”

Angel, who thus claimed her for us, lend  
Yourself her friend;  
Unkindly stayed from Heaven, if not to share  
Your duteous care.

Tiny feet to our rough ways unused  
Are sadly bruised;  
Innocence sees not through the disguise  
Of practised lies.

Angel! take her softly by the hand;  
Her foes withstand;  
Shield her, with your wings so heavenly bright,  
From envious sprite.

Win her, by your sweet effectual plea,  
Security,  
When death's dark stream and fast  
At length is past.

*FIDO.*

We miss something from the house  
Which is quiet as a mouse,  
Miss the cheery bark and bound,  
When our well-known footsteps sound  
On the nicely-gravelled walk,  
Past the flowering hollyhock,  
Past the woodbine's clambering vine,  
Past the sweeter eglantine ;  
Miss the lifted, shaggy paw  
Sheathing every dangerous claw,  
Miss the frisking, joyful race  
And poor Fido's loving face.

He was always at the door,  
If not at the gate before,  
And his innocent caress  
Gave a moment's happiness  
When my weary, wayworn feet,  
Turning slowly from the street,  
Sought the peaceful, sheltering home  
Which was Fido's and my own ;  
And, though weary, I would bend  
To salute my little friend,  
Pat the wagging, tufted head  
As he to the doorstep led,  
And declare, no prettier, merrier  
Dog e'er lived than my Skye terrier.

Now I feel an aching start,  
Feel a pain upon my heart,  
When a happy bark I hear  
And there is no Fido near ;  
And I think, I might have been  
Kinder even, had I then  
Dreamed this faithful little friend  
Would so soon his good life end.

For I cannot now recall  
One false trick, of this so small  
Type of fealty and trust,  
Turning fast to earth and dust ;  
And a tear my eyelids wet,  
Saying, I will not forget,  
With both tongue and pen, to praise  
Little Fido's pleasant ways.



## FOR MARY AND WILLIE.

My dear little kitty, my Tabby so fair,  
As gay as a feather just dancing in air !  
No leopard can boast of more beautiful dyes ;  
The blue of the sky is the blue of your eyes ;  
Like four lovely roses your four little paws,  
And set like sharp thorns are your dainty white claws ;  
So faultless in beauty, so artlessly gay,  
You charm from my heart half its sadness away.  
Delighted I watch all your innocent wiles,  
No shadow of malice your beauty defiles ;

Your innocent archness, your delicate grace,  
With something most human I see in your face,  
Recalls, with a gentleness dear to my mind,  
An airy young figure, words have not defined,  
And dear, as they only are dear, who again  
Ah ! never will solace our lonesome or pain.

And now you have come from your frolic and play,  
And mousing your pretty, light fancies so gay,  
To curl yourself up for a while on my lap,  
And close your blue eyes in a soft pussy nap ;  
While tenderly over your warm little fur,  
I pass my fond fingers and list for your purr,  
And think, what a darling, and treasure, and joy,  
Is our dear little Tabby, so graceful and coy.



## PLAYFELLOWS.

Dash and Nellie were babies together ;  
Now does not this sound very droll ?  
For, poor Dash, he was only a puppy,  
And Nellie, dear child, had a soul.

Nellie toddled, while Dash he could scamper,  
And merrily roll on the floor ;  
But, their wild frolic happily ended,  
Both basked in the sun at the door.

Nellie's round, tender arm, so confiding,  
Lay safe on his wide open jaw,  
And his wise, watchful eyes looked on baby's  
As if her least wish was his law.

If she moved, he moved too, like her shadow ;  
And when she the truant would play,  
Dash would pull at her little blue apron  
As if he to Nellie would say,

“ Little girl, you know well, never, never  
Beyond this small gate can we go,  
And to all disobedient children  
Come trouble and danger, you know.”

Dash has grown to a farm-dog majestic,  
White collar, and high bushy tail  
Which looks like a white plume in the distance,  
And makes all intruders to quail.

And old Dash, too, like every good watch-dog,  
Keeps guard o'er the household at night,  
While he welcomes each member returning  
With gambols, and bark of delight.

Our dear Nellie has grown to a school-girl,  
But still she will make up a plate  
Of nice fragments, for Dash, her playfellow,  
Who never would pass the small gate.



## A CHILD'S QUESTION.

“What is this?” said little Bertie,  
Pet and youngest one of all,  
In his eyes a mighty question,  
While his hand, so plump and small,

Held a crucifix extended—

“Bertie knows; a cross, my dear;”  
“Yes,” said he, “but WHO is on it?”  
With a look surpassing fear.

“That is Jesus Christ, my darling,  
Jesus, Saviour of the world ;”  
Still he pondering stood, and wistful,  
But no word the wish unfurled.

Next day came, with sunshine, pastime ;  
Bertie, darling, just past three,  
Made the old house ring with laughter,  
Brought life's sunshine back to me.

Flitted in and out the children,  
By my side, now here, now there ;  
To their music set my duty,  
Lent a cadence to my prayer.

But the wings of the immortal  
Fledge, while mortal forces sleep,  
And a question left unanswered  
Childhood's heart will safely keep.

So again mid sunshine, pastime,  
That poor crucifix he brought,  
In his solemn eyes the shadow  
Of an awed, adoring thought.

128 “*And the Virgin's Name was Mary.*”

Pointing with persistent finger  
To the suffering image dear,  
“Is that GOD?” he asked, in whisper  
Such as angels bend to hear.

Theologians had been cautioned  
Not to stir, with mysteries dread,  
Childish wonder or emotion ;  
“Reason is by reason fed.”

And that law, unto the letter,  
Had been kept : “Sweet Christ,” I sighed,  
“Thou art drawing all hearts to thee  
By thy shame of crucified.”



“AND THE VIRGIN'S NAME WAS MARY.”

LUKE I, 27.

In a pleasant old village of blessed Judea,  
That beautiful land we all love and revere,  
Remote from the dust and the sin of the town,  
In a low, shaded cottage, quite mossy and brown,  
Lived a pious, meek couple, Joachim and Ann,  
Belovèd of God, quite untroubled by man.

Fresh roses bloomed sweetly around the low door,  
And lilies bloomed meekly in pots on the floor,  
But no rose was so sweet and no lily so fair,  
As the child of their love, the one pearl of their care ;  
So lovely, so gentle, so modest, so chary,  
And the name of this dear little virgin was *Mary*.

Ah, never a shade of displeasure was seen  
On the beautiful brow of this virgin serene ;  
No lamb of the flock so contented and meek,  
Yet the first blush of morn was less bright than her  
    cheek,  
And no carol of bird was so sweet, as the tone  
Of her clear, happy laugh, in her brown cottage home.

So tenderly due was the reverence, paid  
To her parents so dear, by this dear little maid,  
So willing her feet, and her smile was so gay,  
When she turned, at their call, from her innocent play,  
That never, I deem, were there parents so blessed,  
As Joachim and Ann, of this treasure possessed.

The foam of mid ocean, the snow wreath that curls  
On the crest of Himmaleh, the ocean’s best pearls,

Are less pure than her thoughts, whose clear whiteness was dim  
With no shadow of birth and no shadow of sin ;  
And more precious than incense the prayers that were given,  
From her innocent heart, to the Father in Heaven.

Ah, never the name of that virgin I hear,  
Called “blessèd” by angels, to mortals how dear !  
But a throb of quick feeling beats strong at my heart  
And this wish of my soul to her ear I impart ;  
O, Virgin so lovely, so modest, so chary,  
To the child of our hearts be most gracious, sweet Lady,  
For the name of our dear little treasure is *Mary* !



## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Have you heard the wondrous story,  
Bethlehem’s story, sweet and old,  
Of an Infant’s raying glory  
From a manger bare and cold ?

Bleak the stable, cold the manger,  
But the "Word made flesh" was seen  
By the shepherds, by the Magi,  
Radiant, lovely and serene.

Icy winds of bleak December  
Shook the stable, rude and worn ;  
But the angels well remember  
Where their King, the Christ was born ;

Well remember how His Mother,  
Mary, Virgin Mother blessed,  
With a worship like no other  
Mother, her own babe caressed.

Mother's love with adoration,  
Tender, rapturous, profound—  
He had come, the world's salvation,  
And her arms her God surround !

We would hasten with the shepherds  
Through the midnight to adore,  
Join the Magi's band intrepid,  
Incense, myrrh, and gold in store.

Never can a gift too costly  
Touch the manger's humble shrine ;  
Never can a gift too lowly,  
Jesus, touch that throne of thine.

On the straw, which made thy pillow,  
Poverty contented lies ;  
While our pride, like some spent billow,  
Breaks against that crib, and dies.

Infant Jesus ! Bethlehem's Wonder !  
Mary's Babe ! My God ! My All !  
By thy manger, can no wanderer  
Vainly on thy mercy call.



## THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

Sweet Name, which makes the dying live,  
Which gives the blind their sight,  
The source of all my faith, my hope,  
My safety, my delight !

Sweet Name, which cooled the martyr's fire,  
And o'er each torment new  
A charm of heavenly comfort shed,  
A fresh, celestial dew!

Sweet Name, which bids temptation fly,  
And baffles Satan's power;  
What name like thine can bear me up  
In death's appalling hour!

On Mary's lip, o'er Bethlehem's Crib  
That Name of sweetness clung,  
And I can learn its accent best  
From her transported tongue.

O Mary! teach me to pronounce  
That Name of names most dear,  
And softly bend adoring head  
When Jesu's Name I hear.



## THE ANGELUS.

Hark ! count the strokes,—three—four—five—six ;  
Come all my dear children dear,  
Let us recite the *Angelus*,  
Our Lady's heart to cheer.

In cities large and populous,  
From all the belfries round,  
Three times a day the *Angelus*  
Rings out with joyful sound.

Three times a day dear Gabriel's "Hail,"  
The faithful all repeat ;  
Three times a day "Thy handmaid, Lord !"  
Our Lady's answer meet.

Three times a day "The Word made flesh,"  
Repeat on bended knee,  
The meekness of redeeming love  
Adoring reverently.

In our dear home, so still and green,  
There is no belfry near,  
Whose goodly bell the *Angelus*  
Rings out with solemn cheer.

But still the house-clock's tuneful stroke,  
At six, at twelve, and six,  
Should never fail, my children dear,  
Your wandering thoughts to fix

Upon that loveliest mystery  
Of God's Incarnate Word,  
Which Mary first, from Gabriel's "Hail!",  
With loving wonder heard.

And year by year the *Angelus*  
Will have a tenderer sound,  
With something more of heaven within  
Its mystery profound.



## THE ROSARY.

Now we have said the Angelus,  
Will not my children see  
Who will, with most devotion, say  
Our Lady's rosary?

And baby, though she cannot tell  
Her beads, her beads will hold,  
To learn to love them more than toys,  
Or pearls, or gems, or gold.

Her little serious face bespeaks  
A gentle, pious mind,  
And soon the rosy fingers small  
Will learn the bead to find.

In those three Names in which we all  
Were solemnly baptized,  
The lovely rosary begins,  
By saints so dearly prized.

Then "I believe;" and every voice  
Will make responses clear,  
While pressing close the crucifix  
With faith, love, hope, and fear.

A sacred mystery belongs  
To every decade fair,  
On which we all must meditate  
With love and studious care,

While, bead by bead, "Our Father" first,  
Then ten "Hail Maries" say,  
And "Glory to the Father, Son,  
And Holy Ghost" alway.

"Our Father," as my children know,  
Is that best form of prayer  
Our Lord to his disciples gave;  
They taught it everywhere.

And Gabriel, Archangel bright,  
The first "Hail Mary" said,  
When from high heaven with message grand  
More swift than light he sped.

That blessèd "Hail," like some sweet strain  
Of music left unsung,  
Was finished by Elizabeth's  
Devout, prophetic tongue.

And we to their glad "Hail" would add  
This meekly suppliant cry,  
"O Mary, pray for us both now  
And when we come to die."

Fifteen mysteries, on fifteen  
Decades of blessèd beads,  
The Rosary makes : he says it best  
Who best each mystery heeds.

Five joyful mysteries, like five  
Spring roses, snowy white,  
Tell of the Holy Infancy  
Of Jesus with delight.

Five mysteries sorrowful, like five  
June roses, deep, and red,  
Tell of our Saviour's sufferings,  
And how for us he bled.

Five mysteries glorious, like five  
Large roses, tint like gold,  
The resurrection wonderful  
And bliss of heaven unfold.

The longest life would not suffice,  
Should we each day recite,  
To say the beads and ponder all  
The mysteries aright.

Yet day by day the Rosary  
Still dearer will become,  
And lead our thoughts more earnestly  
To our eternal home.



FIRST OF MAY.

Songsters on the budding spray  
Sing, blessèd May, blessèd May ;  
Lark and linnet lend your throat ;  
Robin, too, your clearest note ;  
To our Lady's month of song  
Sweetest canticles belong.

Rippling rills through woodlands heard,  
Join your voice with singing bird ;  
Rivers through the flowery mead  
Your glad chorus too we need ;  
To our Lady's month of song  
Sweetest canticles belong.

Round Saint Mary's fair domain,  
Breezes, breathe a soft refrain ;  
Fragrant birch and odorous pine  
Lift your sighs at day's decline ;  
To our Lady's month of song  
Sweetest canticles belong.

Thankful heart of childhood gay  
With the birds sing, blessèd May ;  
Sing with stream and odorous pine  
Round Loretto's lovely shrine,  
For to Mary's month of song  
Sweetest canticles belong.



NOTRE DAME.

Crown her Queen of Angels,  
Queen of Patriarchs too ;  
Crown her Queen of Prophets,  
And Apostles true.

Crown her Queen of Martyrs,  
Of Confessors strong ;  
Crown her Queen of Virgins,  
Staid and beauteous throng.

Of All-Saints we crown her  
Ever gracious Queen,  
Aiding mortal struggles  
With her prayer serene.

Crown her, with sweet anthems,  
Queen of Heavenly Love ;  
Sweeter songs surround her  
In the courts above.

## MATER DEI.

Who would our Virgin Lady fitly sing,  
Must of his heart make lowly offering  
To that meek Heart of the Incarnate Word,  
Where love for Mary is most richly stored.

Who at that mother's venerable side,  
With such a duteous silence did preside,  
Who of her virgin flesh, His flesh did take,  
Yet not that vase of sweet perfection break ;

Who raised to her an infant's pleading cry ;  
Who at her breast did thirsty lips apply,  
And in her tender arms contented dwell—  
That Son can best His mother's praises tell.

Not Bethlehem's crib alone or trembling flight  
To Egypt, lest rash Herod's hand should smite  
The world's Redeemer, or the worship paid  
In that small workshop under Nazareth's shade,

Can compass that strange tale of sacred lore  
O'er which the ages still delighted pore  
To see, wherever Jesus' self appears,  
The Virgin Mother smiling through her tears.

The miracle by Cana's wedding guest,  
The Lord vouchsafed at her most dear request ;  
An act of deference to her began  
The three years' ministry of love to man.

While eager crowds in listening silence hung  
Upon each word from the Messiah's tongue,  
In court or temple, or, when pushed from shore,  
His fisher's boat lay meekly on its oar ;

Or in the desert wild to which He fled,  
Yet turned in pity, breaking first the bread  
Of life and truth, and then dispensing food  
Unto the fainting throng which round Him stood,

Could Mary of her nation singly stand  
Unmoved by that attraction, humble, grand,  
To follow through the dust of field or street  
The shining prints of those benignant feet ?

That tender form, that mantle's virgin grace  
Which held in softest shade th' adoring face,  
How often must have met His gentle eye,  
While Scribe and Pharisee stood carping by !

But as at Bethlehem so on Calvary's height  
The Mother claimed and won a mother's right ;  
For she who said, " Behold Thy handmaid, Lord !"   
As meekly stood beside the expiring Word.

O grace of meekness, of humility,  
Surpassing even her virginity,  
Which thus would teach a mother's heart to chime  
With her Redeemer's sacrifice sublime !

Not Mary's woes alone broke Mary's heart ;  
Of Jesus' " every wound she felt the smart,"  
As that same sinless blood she gave His veins,  
The rough, hard Cross, and skulls on Calvary stains.

Who then would Mary from her Son divide,  
Would take that faithful Mother from His side,  
Who kept her watch upon that direful spot  
Where soldiers on His vesture cast their lot ?

While from the heavens the sun withdrew his head,  
And riven rocks gave up the "sheeted dead,"  
While stern centurions beat their breasts with fright,  
His dying eyes above attract her sight.

Amid the dreadful gloom, those dying eyes  
Seek Mary's, and, through agonizing sighs,  
Of His own Mother He makes sweet bequest ;  
Of men, through John, disciple, one request.

"Thy son, O mother ! Me in him behold !  
O son, thy mother take !" O heart most cold  
Which would to such a mother measure forth  
Its loving tenderness or sense of worth !

Then, Mary, for my Mother dear I take  
To cherish evermore for Jesus' sake ;  
Nor other title crave than that most broad  
Of Mary, Blessèd Mother of my God !



## AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria ! an angel said,  
To lowly Nazareth's lowly maid ;  
Ave Maria ! those accents sweet,  
My lips with transport oft repeat.

For still that name's belovèd sound  
Makes all my happy pulses bound,  
And still its lingering, saintly charm,  
I softly shield from loss or harm.

Remember, dear, whose blessèd name  
Is your bright privilege to claim,  
And each remembrance fond shall win  
Defence from danger, grief, and sin !



A FANCY.

Something you may call a fancy  
Struck my heart again to-day,  
As I turned, dear Salvadora,  
Towards my little shrine to pray ;  
Pray  
For dear Salva, did I say ?

But the fancy I must tell you,  
For an old Castilian sound  
Rings, as if from precious metal,  
When thy name is breathed around ;  
Spain  
In its high chivalric reign.

And within that fancy hideth  
Yet another, dearer still ;  
As love hides its dearest treasures  
From world's eyes with wondrous skill :  
Blame  
Not the friend who loves thy name.

Every morning, every evening,  
Often through the crowded day,  
Comes a prayer to soothe my sorrow,  
Waft my heart to heaven away ;  
“Salve !  
Salve ! Regina !” thus I pray.

“Salve ! Salve !” thus the fancy  
Fastened on my mind to-day ;  
“Salve ! Salve !” thus in anthem  
Prays thy name for thee alway :  
Pray  
With thy name, dear friend, this day.



## REGINA VIRGINUM.

Mary “Queen of Virgins :”  
Thus we love to call  
Her who is, through Jesus,  
Mother of us all.

To this "Queen of Virgins"  
Lilies of the field,  
As she walked the meadows,  
Did sweet homage yield.

But a sweeter homage  
Than the lilies even,  
Can a Christian maiden  
Yield the Queen of Heaven.

Thoughts whose guarded whiteness  
With her lilies vie,  
Hearts whose chaste affections  
Keep a heavenward eye ;

Courage, meekness, patience,  
Modest look and mien,  
Win the dearest favor  
Of our blessèd Queen.

Mary, "Queen of Virgins,"  
Aid us by thy prayer ;  
Lilies never needed,  
As we need, thy care.

## THE LILY OF THE PURIFICATION.

Haste for our Lady's feast, dear bud, to bloom,  
Opening so fresh mid winter's sterile gloom ;

Thy petal, virgin white,  
Unfold for her delight ;  
With thy still 'prisoned sweets  
Incense her shrine,  
Whose odorous prayer entreats  
Her Son divine !

For this, thy bulb's slow growth I watched for years,  
While thy broad leaves unsheathed, tipped with strange  
tears ;

From frost protected, and from glaring sun ;  
And now I see so lovely guerdon won,  
No mortal sense shall claim thy chaste perfumes—  
For thee, O Virgin Blessed ! my sacred lily blooms.

In this pure cup of sweetness, I present  
My contrite tears, my sighs of banishment ;  
    O win for me her prayer,  
    Who bloomed so rare  
    In Nazareth's garden fair ;  
O win her prayer, who at ecstatic height  
Dwells, crowned and beauteous, in that blaze of light  
    Which stuns the archangel's sight ;  
    Tranced in the Eternal Eye  
    Of Triune Deity.

With soul assoiled and eyes abashed, I stand,  
The peerless lily in my trembling hand,  
    Before thy humble shrine,  
    O Virgin most benign :  
Thou Queen of Mercy, hear my contrite sigh ;  
Commend me to the Majesty on high,  
    Who without spot or stain  
    Did thee, heaven's pearl, retain ;  
And from my soul's dark mould, with smiles, invite  
The lily's fragrant bloom in more than Eden white.



## OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS.

The roses of summer are faded, quite gone,  
Not a lingering bud can we see;  
But the hedges of autumn are gay in the sun,  
They are blooming, sweet Lady, for thee.

The asters in pomp of variety stand,  
Where the Golden Rod's sceptre appears,  
While, low in the meadow, "Our Lady's fringed eye"  
Is still lifted in beauty and tears.

The fairest and freshest from meadow and hedge,  
On thy altar, Blessed Mother, we lay,  
For Mary is Queen of the Angels, and we  
Keep the feast of our Angels to-day.

From all the flushed woodlands the songsters are flown,  
Not a thrush or a robin we hear;  
But above, in the courts of our Beautiful One,  
Music ceases not, all the glad year.

O teach us, bright Guardians, that song of delight,  
Which was ancient when Eden was new,  
And Mary will offer the praises we sing,  
In concert, dear Angels, with you.



OUR LADY'S LILIES.

You wonder why my tropic lilies thrive,  
In this small room, this crowded busy hive  
I call my home,  
More freely than beneath thy marble dome ;  
And then declare  
Some charm lies in my touch, or in the air,  
And this is why my lilies bloom so fair.

Sweet friend, the mystery I will frankly tell ;  
Upon it let thy heart one moment dwell :  
The lilies know,  
As well as you and I, where they will go,  
And from the root  
Their snow-white arrows ever duly shoot,  
Our Lady's feasts with gladness to salute.

Our Lady's place, her own dear Son beside,  
Is where her lilies ever choose to bide,

And there adore

In ecstasy of silence evermore :

Their perfumes plead

For us, poor pilgrims, in our sorest need,  
And Jesus must his Mother's lilies heed.



## OUR LADY OF THE INFIRMARY.

“Salus infirmorum, ora pro nobis !”

All clothed in white the tiny beds

Head closely to the wall ;

“ Our Lady of the Infirmary ”

Smiles sweetly down on all.

The children moan upon their beds,

They toss in feverish plight ;

“ Look up, O weary little ones,

And ease your aching sight.

“Upon you all from yonder wall  
Smiles our own Lady dear !”  
The children gaze in soft amaze,  
And with a wondrous cheer.

The Sister's voice goes mildly on :  
“So smiled, that Christmas day,  
Our Lady as she laid her son  
Upon His bed of hay.

“The tears stood on her babe's pale cheek—  
But Jesus as a child  
Gave back a look of blessedness  
Whenever Mary smiled.

“She smiles on you, my little ones,  
Just as she smiled that day  
On her dear Jesus, as he moaned  
In his rough crib of hay.

“And who, of all my children dear,  
Will not a grateful smile  
Return to Mary, who thus deigns  
His anguish to beguile ?”

The suffering faces brightening turned  
To Mary on the wall,  
And beams of Bethlehem's cradle love  
Transfigured each and all.

*R*EGINA.

To-day,  
Our dear Regina was the Queen of May ;  
In her hand  
A snow-white Lily bearing for a wand,  
Type to be  
Of our own blessed Lady's purity :  
Rose-buds wild,  
And meadow violets with blue eyes mild,  
Peeped from the basket of the happy child,  
For to-day  
Our dear Regina was the Queen of May.

All the unsipped honey of the year  
    From eglantine,  
    And columbine,  
And white clover tufts both far and near,  
Could but hint the innocent excess  
Of Regina's artless happiness :  
    In her hand  
A snow-white Lily bearing for a wand—  
    Type to be  
Of our Virgin Mother's purity :  
Meadow violets, with blue eyes mild,  
Like our Blessèd Lady's, bore the child—  
    Types to be  
Of our Lady's dear humility :

    Roses, too,  
Nursed by vernal rain and vernal dew—  
    Types to be  
Of our heavenly Lady's charity :  
    For to-day  
Our dear Regina was the Queen of May.

Thus were typified, in childish guise,  
Heavenly graces, Heavenly mysteries ;

We may deem our own sweet Lady smiled  
On the simple pageant which beguiled  
Life of one short hour of busy care,  
Winning even pain bright smiles to wear,  
As forth walked in happy state to-day  
Our dear Regina, reigning Queen of May.



OUR SHEPHERD.

To lambs astray o'er mountains bleak  
How sweet the Shepherd's gracious call;  
He cheers the faint, supports the weak,  
And words of fondness speaks to all.

Beneath his bosom's sheltering vest  
The tenderest of the flock he bears—  
The helpless ones, above the rest,  
Divide the Shepherd's patient cares.

So welcome, O thou Saviour dear,  
To contrite souls thy voice benign,  
Mid sad bewilderments we hear  
And bless the Shepherd's call divine.

Our mournful wounds, our loss, our blame,  
But make us dearer still to thee,  
Our helplessness, our sweetest claim,  
Our merit, Lord, our misery.



A CHILD'S "REQUIESCAT IN PACE."

With the gray dawn's faintest break,  
Mother, faithfully I wake,  
Whispering softly for thy sake,  
Requiescat in pace!

When the sun's broad disk at height  
Floods the busy world with light,  
Breathes my soul, with sighs contrite,  
Requiescat in pace!

When the twilight shadows lone  
Wrap the home once, once thine own,  
Sobs my heart with broken moan,  
Requiescat in pace!

Night, so solemn, grand, and still,  
Trances forest, meadow, rill;  
Hush, fond heart, adore His will;  
Requiescat in pace!



## A YEAR.

A year! The mother smiled upon her baby;  
“See four white teeth have budded out so fair;  
No longer creeping, like a young explorer  
He gayly toddles round from chair to chair.”

Thus jubilant, she smothers with caresses  
The struggling babe, which crows, and laughs, and  
cries;  
The year, to her, is but another naming  
Of all the youthful mother's ecstasies.

A year!—A stony pallor, a light shudder,  
A filming of the eye, a pausing breath;  
Aghast she stands beside the icy River!  
Aghast she meets thee face to face, O Death!

The cold, cold breath, the little heart's last struggle,  
The eye's last look unutterably fond,  
The sudden silence, sudden cease of motion—  
And Death had snapped life's first and holiest bond.



## THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

Each with its rosy crown  
The infant martyrs stand;  
Each with a tiny palm  
In its small hand.

O little martyred Saints!  
How blest above all others  
Of tender, spotless babes  
Snatched from fond mothers!

Not innocent alone,  
But crowned with that starred merit  
Which they who win through blood  
Alone inherit.

Ten thousand, thousand tongues  
Of little children, sing  
The infant graces meek  
Of Bethlehem's King.

But sweetest must their song  
Of loving praises sound,  
Whose blood, for that meek King,  
Soaked Bethlehem's ground.

Within Heaven's shining ranks  
Of martyrs, grand and old,  
These babes with rapture strike  
Their harps of gold.

Close by the Lamb they stand ;  
They follow where He goes ;  
Who smiles ineffable  
On them bestows.

O Jesus ! at death's hour  
With Mary ! Joseph ! send  
One martyred Innocent  
To be my friend !



A GIRL'S HYMN TO ST. AGNES.

O Virgin mild, in whose chaste pulses beat  
All kindly thoughts in maiden pureness sweet,  
The placid wavings of whose unbound hair  
All saintly odors heavenward meetly bear,  
While thy calm hands in guileless pity hold  
The new-born lamb in thy warm mantle's fold !

O Martyr-saint, who with such mystic vows  
Didst thy sweet Lord, the blessèd Christ, espouse,  
And thy so lovely limbs with haste invest  
In bridal garments of celestial test,  
In fierce, un pitying flames with joy to prove  
The heroic passion of thy sacred love !—

Lo ! I invoke thee, shining from afar,  
Of maidenhood the dear peculiar star,  
Mid all the saintly host whose radiance shines  
In constellations grand and hallowed signs ;  
In thy clear light, serenely fair, abide,  
O Virgin Martyr, Heaven's unsullied bride !

For still I deem within thy gentle side,  
The same chaste heart all kindly doth preside ;  
And in my soul the same transfigured will  
Doth lose itself in thy dear Master's still ;  
And I can feel my maiden sorrows pressed,  
Like the young lamb, within thy sheltering vest



ST. VERONICA.

When on thy direful Passion's direst day,  
Thou, Jesu dear, didst track thy painful way  
With sacred blood, which in their reckless ire  
The maddened thousands tramped in worthless mire,  
While guards profane and wildly-hooting mob  
Drowned faithful Magdalene's reproachful sob;  
Through Roman guard, through all the base, rough  
    throng,  
Through serried ranks of veterans grim and strong,  
A timid woman, gentle, sad, and pale,  
With lips that trembled, though they gave no wail,  
Pressed to thy side, thou prostrate Man of Grief,  
And gave, what angels dared not bring, *relief*.

The brow that quivered 'neath its thorny crown,  
The thin, bruised cheek, where faintly trickled down  
The mingled drops of sweat and piteous gore  
Which smeared all comeliness and beauty o'er,  
She softly wiped, and from the blinded eyes  
The clinging, clotted tears how gently dries :

When lo ! upon the handkerchief appears  
The smitten, suffering face in blood and tears ;  
The aching bruise, the crown of sharpest thorn,  
The sad, sad look of love, of Godhead born,  
All on the pitying linen's hallowed space  
Her breaking heart and eyes adoring trace :  
And time, which spares nor Greek nor Roman fane,  
Before whose breath our gorgeous frescoes wane,  
Withholds from blighting touch or slow decay  
This dear memento of thy Passion day ;  
While "Via Crucis " to this very hour,  
Still guards, of woman's love, this wayside flower.



ST. BARNABAS.

Over leagues of Syrian cities,  
Syrian leagues of shrivelled grass,  
Walked the zealous, brave apostle,  
Great Apostle Barnabas.

Tropic sunshine, tropic tempest,  
Mountain chill and desert heat,  
Yet they never paused or faltered,  
Those pledged, apostolic feet.

“Paul and Barnabas,” culled choicely  
From that early Christian stock,  
Sailed from Paphos to Pamphilia,  
Planted Christ at Antioch.

“Paul and Barnabas,” as brothers,  
Through the world pressed stoutly on,  
And the world from pagan darkness  
Was to Christian gladness won.

Thus we see him through the gorgeous  
Vista of the ages back ;  
Now with breezy grandeur pencilled  
By our pious Overbeck.

Staff in hand—and O, that wishful,  
Holy wishful gaze abroad,  
O’er the fields on fields of nations  
To be harvested for God !

They who wait for India's shipping,  
Misers clutching heaps of gold,  
May be fathomed ; but Apostle's  
Greed for souls was never told.

Human yearning or aspiring,  
Love which would love's self surpass,  
Never touched thy holy longing,  
Great Apostle Barnabas !



## SAINT GUDULA'S VISIT.

O tender virgin chaste,  
Who with such holy haste  
Art seeking, ere the dawn  
Of winter's chilliest morn,  
The dim, retreating shrine  
Where thy sweet Lord, divine,  
So near thee to abide  
Doth His least glory hide ;

And, reft of kingly state  
On thy meek visit wait ;  
From Heaven's high throne descending,  
And harmonies unending  
Of rapt adoring love,  
To list the moanings of His faithful dove !

Thine angel well doth mark  
Thy footsteps through the dark  
Of ancient, cloistral pile,  
Of arched, and spectral aisle ;  
And—when, mid sullen night,  
Thy lantern's slender light,  
Blown by rude gusts, goes out  
And thou art left in doubt—  
He, all unseen by thee  
In thy simplicity,  
For love, O heavenly maid,  
Of thy sweet virtues staid,  
Relights thy virgin lamp  
To cheer the heavy gloom and cloistral damp.



## PERUGINO'S MAGDALENE.

O'er an altar dwells a picture  
Of a Magdalene so fair ;  
Very humble, very gentle,  
Downcast look and knotted hair ;

Hands that cross, in tender meekness,  
O'er a breast absolved and pure ;  
Sorrow tinging loving worship  
Of the Hand which thus can cure.

Loveliest bloom of pardoning mercy ;  
Loveliest type of ransomed race ;  
Innocence itself might envy  
That chaste bosom's dower of grace !

Seraph's heart in mortal body ;  
Love won love at Jesu's feet ;  
Measure full and overflowing ;  
Brimming fountain pure and sweet.

She, to whom Thou most hast pardoned,  
Most hath loved Thee, Lord benign ;  
On our path of tears and labor,  
Star of penance, mildly shine !



THE BELL OF THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD  
SHEPHERD.

Every evening o'er the prairies,  
O'er the town,  
Floats a voice which noise and tumult  
Cannot drown.

Tender voice of holy welcome,  
Silvery clear,  
Wakening in the heart it reaches,  
Many a tear.

Lo ! He calls, the one Good Shepherd,  
Mild and dear,  
To His lambs astray and wretched  
Far and near :

“ From the highways and the by-ways  
Will I bring  
Guests, to fill the waiting table  
Of the King.

“ Many a box of fragrant spikenard  
Waits me, where  
Mortals only mark a mortal  
‘ False as fair.’ ”

Thus at evening, o’er the prairie,  
O’er the town,  
Calls He in a voice which tumults  
Cannot drown.

Far as float those vesper chimings,  
Does the bell  
This Good Shepherd’s tender welcome  
Sweetly tell.



## SAINT LUCY.

The giving of my eyes  
In loving sacrifice  
Was my appointed way ;  
No soft decline from the meridian day  
Through dusky twilight slowly into dark,  
But blackness, bloody, swift and stark,  
From hands unkind,  
And I was blind.

Thus reads the story, writ on sacred scroll  
Of Lucy, virgin martyr : that sharp dole  
Won Heaven's eternal brightness for her soul ;  
The blotting out of sunshine, the recoil  
From utter blankness, the heart's gasp and spasm  
Before the unseen void, the imagined chasm  
Of untried darkness, was the martyr-toil  
Whose moment's agony surpasses years—  
The long, long years of patience and of tears

Allotted unto others. "All for all ;"  
Not doling out with a reluctant hand,  
But in one holocaustal offering grand,  
Will, senses, mind, responding to Heaven's call.

"Bought at whatever price Heaven is not dear,"  
Sounds like an echoed chorus full of cheer,  
From crypts of mangled martyrs, and charred bones,  
And blood-stained phials of the catacombs :  
And that young Roman girl's adoring eyes,  
One moment darkened, opened in surprise,  
Upon the face of God. The cruel taunt  
Of judges obdurate, the accuser's vaunt,  
The mob's wild shout of triumph deep and hoarse,  
Might still be heard around the bloody corse,  
When her sweet soul, in peace, at God's own word  
Had tasted its exceeding great reward ;  
To "see as she was seen," to know as known—  
The Beatific Vision all her own.

Upon the sacred canon's sacred page,  
Invoked by vested priest from age to age,  
Stand five fair names of virgins, martyrs all,

As if with some peculiar glory crowned  
That thus their names should crystallize ; “their sound  
Is gone through all the earth,” and great and small  
Upon those five wise virgins sweetly call  
With reverent wish : Saint Lucy ! Agatha !  
Agnes ! Cecilia ! Anastasia !  
And chanted Litany those names unfold  
In reliquary more precious than mute gold.

With what a tender awe I heard that name—  
A household name, familiar, dear and kind,  
Of gentlest euphony—such honor claim !  
Thenceforth that name I speak with lifted mind,  
More loved in friend, because revered in saint ;  
And daily as to Heaven I make complaint  
Of mortal ills, and sickness, sorrows, woes,  
This one petition doth all others close :  
“ Saint Lucy, virgin martyr, by thine eyes  
Which thou didst give to God in sacrifice,  
His mercy and His solace now implore  
For darkened eyes and sightless, never more  
To gaze on aught created : by that meed  
Of choicest graces in thy hour of need,  
Sweetness of patience and a joyful mind,  
And faithful, gentle hands to guide the blind !

But more than this, Saint Lucy ; thou didst gain,  
By loss of thy young eyes with loving pain,  
The Vision given to Angels : then obtain  
The lifting up of blinded orbs to where  
God sitteth in His beauty, the All-fair ;  
Saint Lucy, virgin martyr, aid our prayer !”



## DAY OF ALL SOULS.

From the far past there comes a thought of sweetness,  
From the far past a thought of love and pain ;  
A voice, how dear ! a look of melting kindness,  
A voice, a look, we ne’er shall know again.

A fresh, young face, perchance, of boyish gladness,  
An aged face, perchance, of patient love ;  
My heart strings fail, I sob in utter anguish,  
As past my eyes these lovely spectres move.

The chill morn breaks, the matin star still flaming ;  
The hushed Cathedral’s massive door stands wide ;  
Through the dim aisles I pass, in silent weeping,  
From mortal eyes my sorrowing tears to hide.

Already morn has touched the painted windows ;  
The yellow dawn creeps down the storied panes ;  
Already, in the early solemn twilight,  
The sanctuary's taper softly wanes.

My faltering step before the altar pauses ;  
My treasured dead I see remembered here ;  
All climes, all nations, lost on land or ocean,  
They on whose grave none ever drop a tear.

The Church, their single mourner, drapes in sorrow  
The festal shrines she loves with flowers to dress :  
And "Kyrie ! Kyrie !" sighs, while lowly bending  
To Thee, O God ! to shorten their distress.

"Dies ira, dies illa," sobs the choir :  
"In pace, pace," from the altar rises higher :  
"Lux aeterna : " daylight floods the altar,  
Priest and choir take up the holy psalter.  
"Requiescant in pace !"  
Amen, amen, in pace !



## HOLY SATURDAY.

Through that Jewish Sabbath day,  
Through our Holy Saturday,

Thus He lay :

In His linen winding-sheet,  
Wrapped in myrrh and spices sweet,  
Angels at His head and feet ;  
Angels, duteous alway,  
Watched the wondrous, beauteous clay  
As He lay,

Through that Jewish Sabbath day,  
Through our Holy Saturday.

Thus He lay :

And our Mother Church, this day,  
Doth with solemn Office keep  
That strange day's mysterious sleep ;  
Her " Exultet " breaks the sadness  
With triumphant strains of gladness ;  
Paschal Hope presaging morn,  
As in east just streaks the dawn ;  
Darkest night ere brightest day—  
Such is Holy Saturday.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

O holy "sign of life,"  
Most venerable, dear,  
Upon my brow, my breast, my shoulders both,  
I make the symbol of my sacred troth,  
With love and tender fear.

No rosy morning dawns  
The long, bright year with me,  
No silent, tranquil night serenely holds  
My passive frame in its kind mantle's folds,  
Unblessed, loved sign, by thee.

The cross doth bless the food,  
Which does my body good;  
Nor medicated draught my lips partake  
Unsigned by sign of Him, who, for my sake,  
Once languished on the wood.

Nor joy nor sorrow knows  
This beating heart of mine,  
But on its brow, in heavenly lines, appears,  
Mid grateful smiles, and mild submissive tears,  
This pledge of love divine.

In thee my soul confides  
Sweet spell of holy might,  
When, loosed like demons from hell's dreadful gate,  
Upon my narrow path temptations wait  
To harass and affright.

Amid their dangerous snares  
All undismayed I tread,  
For fiend or demon never can withstand  
That "sign of life," traced by believing hand,  
Which rebel angels dread.

By thee the dead were raised,  
The faithful sick restored,  
And still beneath the blessing of the cross  
All human aids we count as worthless dross  
To win the saint's reward.

And blessed by thee at last,  
O "sign of life," I trust  
My patient eyes in heavenly hope to close,  
When, mid the agony of mortal throes,  
My body turns to dust.

Now in Thy sacred name  
 Eternal *Father*, see,  
 In Thy sweet name, O well-beloved *Son*,  
 And *Holy Ghost*, forever three in one,  
 I give myself to Thee !



PENANCE.

Now hie thee to thy desert, fasting soul,  
 The ashes on thy head, thy sins at heart ;  
 On silent ways, by holy hermits trod,  
 With Lenten rule and benison depart.

The rough ways choose, which lead to glens remote,  
 Where thrives for thee full many a bitter herb,  
 Nor mortal poms, nor creature-comforts, there  
 The ancient, sacred solitude disturb.

The flesh-pots of thy Egypt left behind,  
 The sparse, crude berries of contrition pull,  
 And patiently, on meditative knees,  
 From all thy sins, so base, the basest cull.

The wine-cup's sparkle and convivial joy  
Change for the draught which trickles from the rock,  
Whose slowly-oozing, half-reluctant drops,  
Thy rash, impatient thirst rebuke and mock.

Thine ears now close to sounds of revel mirth,  
Thy curious eyes to sights and knowledge vain ;  
With guarded will, and heavenward-lifted eye,  
Thy inmost thought from vanity refrain.

O ! lovely solitudes of prayer and peace !  
With holy violence thy joys to win,  
How speed my feet along the thorny ways,  
And kindly pains of penitence begin.

Vain, boastful world, no more I crave thy smiles,  
The desert woos me with its sacred charms,  
And fleshly sloth, and self's deluding love,  
And swift temptation's wily dart disarms.

Hail ! desert courts to Heaven's eternal joys ;  
Hail ! peaceful wilds where schemes of folly end ;  
To climb thy steeps how short the painful way  
By which our contrite souls to bliss ascend !

CONFESSIO*N*.

Incline thine ear  
O Lord, and hear !  
My soul in whispers faint  
Would utter its complaint ;  
Its hidden hurt disclose,  
Which banishes repose ;  
Sweet Jesu, hear !

Celestial Friend,  
Still lowlier bend :  
With sobs I would declare  
My inmost sin, nor spare  
My guilty, guilty shame,  
Nor hide my wretched blame ;  
Just Lord, attend !

O crownèd head  
Which for me bled !  
My pride in dust I lay ;  
Vain honors of a day,  
I weep your base-born power  
Whose thorn outlives the flower ;  
Smite, Lord, my head !

O Jesu mild,  
Lamb undefiled !  
My hot, misguided will  
Stands dumb, rebuked and still :  
Before thy judgment-seat,  
Our judgments judgment meet ;  
Spare, Jesu mild !

O crucified,  
Who for me died !  
Into thy heart's retreat,  
Thy dear compassion's seat,  
I press with eager pain  
Thy inmost sense to gain ;  
Hail, wounded side !

Thy inmost ear  
Incline and hear !  
Into this loved recess  
I pour my sin's excess ;  
O to my soul declare  
Thou wilt in mercy spare ;  
Dispel my fear.

O patient Friend !

“Speak, I attend.”

These ills which so infest  
My heart, I do detest—  
Detest, and loathe, and dread,  
Of foul corruption bred ;  
My God, defend !

“ The heavens descend

And justice lend !”

O whispered word of peace,  
Lo ! sins and sorrows cease :  
In fair, baptismal white,  
In innocence bedight  
I humbly bend.

O dewy morn

Of justice born !

Henceforth, O dreadful shade  
Of hell, be thou afraid !  
I pluck thy guilty crest !  
I trample on thy breast !  
I laugh to scorn !

O piercèd feet,  
My solace sweet !  
With Magdalene I dress  
Thy wounds with love's excess :  
Whom thou hast most forgiven,  
Most dearly loves thee, Heaven ;  
I claim thy feet !



### ABSOLUTION.

At the beautiful gate of thy mercy, O Lord,  
Deformed and abased sits my soul in its shame ;  
O faith of Saint Peter, O love of Saint John,  
Breathe o'er me of Jesus the glorified Name.

Like the hart on the mountains I long for thy streams,  
O fountain of justice ! O fountain of truth !  
And sigh for the word that can more than renew  
All the innocent gladness and beauty of youth.

One moment a cripple, transformed by that name,  
Exulting I leap from the dust of my dole,  
Sweet waters of peace trickle soft o'er my brow,  
And wash every stain from my penitent soul.

At the beautiful gate of thy mercy, O Lord,  
One gush of sweet prayer let me offer through tears ;  
The morning has dawned with its fragrance and dews  
O'er the land that was sitting in darkness and fears.



## CHRIST IN THE EUCHARIST.

“Lord, that I may see.” LUKE xviii, 41.

Blind Bartimeus by the wayside, begging  
Not alms but sight,  
Thus wait I, Lord, upon thy royal coming,  
Still asking light.

Not mortal lore, not skill of human wisdom,  
With tears I crave ;  
Thyself, th' eternal ray, the uncreated,  
Alone canst save.

O thou incarnate Word thus humbly dwelling  
    Within my breast,  
All mortal love, all mortal wish excelling,  
    In thee all quest

Finds blissful end ; thou beam of mild perfection,  
    Pierce this blind heart !  
Instruct, command, entrance, its will compelling  
    To choose thy part.

Thou mortal wish, forever guard cold silence ;  
    Eyes, turn from earth ;  
Though chains may clank, I have in thee my portion,  
    Sweet land of birth.

No sculptured urns of dust, funereal ashes  
    Entomb desire ;  
The spark still seeks, amid sepulchral vapors,  
    The parent fire.

Thou Light of Light, still hold my feeble vision,  
    Absorb me quite ;  
With thee above is wisdom sight transcending,  
    All else is night.

## ESPOUSALS.

Haste to thy nuptials sweet  
    With glowing feet,  
Thy inmost chamber fair,  
    O heart, prepare,  
Therein, with joy, to bring  
    Thy spouse and king.

I see his coming light,  
    Disperse my night !  
O radiant orb of day,  
    Thou may'st delay  
To quench thy feeble rays  
    In heaven's own blaze.

Lo ! Seraph tongues of flame  
    Announce that name,  
Whose echoed sweetness clings  
    Where'er it rings ;  
And thus informs with sound,  
    Remotest bound.

O happy ears attend,  
And lowlier bend !  
I feel his noiseless pace  
Through heaven's blue space ;  
The stars but strew his floor,  
And thus adore.

Celestial Presence dear !  
Thou Godhead near !  
I yield my soul, my sense ;  
Omnipotence !  
Behold, prepared, thy throne ;  
O claim thine own.



## THE SACRISTAN.

“ Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house.”

Within thine altar's shade,  
Lord, I my nest have made,  
No more to roam ;  
Thine own abiding-place  
Is mine for future space,  
My rest, my home.

Ye summer gardens, bring  
Your treasures to my King :  
    The lily, rose,  
Each dewy, odorous flower  
In forest, dingle, bower,  
    Deck His repose.

O gems of costliest ray,  
Your beaming homage pay  
    To Him whose word  
Heaven's azure concave bright,  
With worlds on worlds of light,  
    Creative stored.

O summer perfumes rare,  
His tabernacle fair  
    Incense with sweets ;  
Each aromatic sigh  
To Him, our Lord so nigh,  
    For us entreats.

O loveliest hues of morn,  
This hushed recess adorn  
    With crimson blush ;  
Lo ! ranks of seraphs bow,  
Before His altar now,  
    With livelier flush.

The earth, the air, the sea  
Rejoice to serve with me,  
    With me to wait ;  
For prostrate nature sighs  
To see her Lord disguise  
His heavenly state.

O Heaven's ecstatic choir,  
Our feeble homage fire ;  
    Transport our sense  
Beyond this mortal screen,  
To worship the unseen  
    Omnipotence !

THANKSGIVING.

After receiving the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction.

“One Shepherd and one fold,”  
Such are thy people told  
    Their lot shall be ;  
Led by love’s tranquil care  
O’er breezy pastures fair,  
    Sweet Lord, by thee.

On this sure word of thine,  
Lord, like thyself divine,  
    I mildly rest,  
By vague unspoken fear  
Of death’s cold passage drear  
    No more oppress.

Though subtle, sharp disease  
Rob this frail flesh of ease,  
    Untouched by pain,  
My soul, on eagle’s wings,  
Still soars o’er mortal things  
    Life’s height to gain.

For lo ! upon my bed  
My God His table spread,  
Himself the food ;  
Himself the mystic wine,  
Himself the bread divine—  
Supernal good.

My head with oil most sweet  
He did anoint, my feet,  
Each wayward sense  
Which from His gentle sway  
So oft had turned away,  
And wrought offence.

My God, my cup runs o'er ;  
Life, death, I ask no more,  
Nought but Thy will :  
United thus to me,  
Each wish now turns to Thee  
Thine to fulfil !



## THE GUEST.

Mid the feverish air, the studied silence,  
Homesick fancies of my small sick-room,  
Mid its restless needs, its vague disquiets,  
Creeping, stalking through the curtained gloom,

Rose an altar, how serene, how lovely !  
Lighted taper, pictures fair and meet,  
Bethlehem's crib, our Lady crowned in glory,  
Martyred Agnes, young and calm and sweet.

Broad, green leaves and white and fragrant chalice,  
Thus my lily bloomed beside the shrine ;  
Tender ivy-branches round the pictures  
Seemed to love to climb and intertwine.

While above, exceeding all in comfort,  
Hung the crucifix, all love, all grief :  
Never turned I on my weary pillow  
Asking patience, but it gave relief.

Thus it stood, my altar, so benignly,  
Mid the sickly twilight and the pain ;  
Kind friends pitied ; shall I try to tell you  
How all loss was quickly turned to gain ?

In the early mornings to my altar  
Came a Guest, how shall I give His name ?  
Lord of Angels ? Bethlehem's shivering stranger ?  
Highest, Lowliest, yet the very same.

You, perchance, who met Him at the doorway,  
Did not heed the Guest you welcomed in ;  
Yet He came, the same who once on Calvary  
Ransomed you and me from death and sin.

Pale the taper at His brighter coming,  
Dim the lily near His whiteness seemed ;  
Can it be you of that Real Presence  
Never understood or even dreamed ?

Many a kindly guest and friend belovèd  
Sought me in my sickness and distress ;  
Friends whose names, in mild and holy cadence,  
Live within my memory to bless.

Yet, before all friends, this One celestial  
Will my grateful love, my homage, claim ;  
Angel tongues can never breathe the sweetness,  
Never hint the wonders, of His name.



A HIDDEN GOD.

“ Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, a hidden God.” ISAIAS.  
“ Draw me ; we will run after thee to the odor of thy perfumes.” CANT.  
i, 3.

Lord, into lowly ways  
Of hidden love and praise  
My feet direct ;  
The pilgrims poor and meek,  
Who heavenly kingdoms seek,  
Angels protect.

On Lazarus at the gate  
Celestial legions wait ;  
O envied pain !  
Which could, for mortal tears,  
Through all th’ eternal years,  
Such solace gain.

With Nazareth's lowly maid,  
Beneath her cottage shade,  
    Let me abide ;  
The mystic distaff ply  
With recollected eye,  
    At Mary's side.

With Nazareth's wondrous boy  
To walk in speechless joy,  
    This joy be mine :  
With awed, adoring eyes,  
To worship in disguise  
    The Lord divine.

O hush of wonder dear !  
O trance of loving fear !  
    To heavenlier deeps  
Of God's humiliation,  
Of yearning abnegation,  
    Transported, leaps.

The ravished soul, before  
Thy tabernacle door,  
    My Lord, my God !  
O, what are words to Thee,  
Ecstatic Trinity,  
    Three, One, yet God !

Here, prostrate and afraid,  
The mystery's awful shade  
    Dissolves me, quite ;  
My Dove, my Undefined,  
My spouse, than spouse more mild,  
    Too pure for sight !

O hidden God, most fair,  
Thy hidden life to share,  
    Thy abnegation,  
So sweetly doth ensnare  
My every thought and care  
    And aspiration,

*A Hidden God.*

That subtlest touch or sight  
Of all thy glories bright,  
    Could not so move  
My sense of near delight,  
Or to such faith excite  
    Adoring love.

Of life's broad glare afraid,  
The tabernacle shade  
    Invites to peace ;  
Here, lost in winding maze  
Of Jesus' hidden ways,  
    Time's echoes cease.

O for thine eye, chaste dove,  
To contemplate my love,  
    Nor ever turn  
My faithful orbs away  
From that far vision's ray,  
    For which I burn !



## EARLY MASS.

Upon my Lord I wait  
When morning's pearly gate  
Doth first uncloze ;  
That first chaste smile I greet,  
To light me to His feet,  
My heart's repose.  
O pale thy feeble light, last, lingering star,  
I wait a kindlier beam through spaces far !

Thy voice but now I hear,  
O cheery chanticleer,  
Morn's herald brave ;  
A clarion note as clear  
Shall break thy slumbers drear,  
O mighty grave !  
The while I weep, as daily I recall  
The Master's look of grief o'er Peter's fall.

With hasty, joyful feet,  
I tread the empty street ;  
    Its sacred hush  
Is sweeter to my ear  
Than words of friendly cheer,  
    Or song of thrush ;  
For through the dim, gray air I see the place  
Where dwells my Lord in ecstasy of grace.

The altar tapers gleam  
Upon my blissful dream ;  
    O rapture bright !  
Hail ! lovely Presence, hail !  
Enshrined within the veil,  
    To mortal sight !  
How low, sweet Lord, must dust and ashes bow,  
The glory, Lord, be thine, forever ! now !



YISIT TO AN EMPTY TABERNACLE.

O pilgrim feet, from brambles bleeding ;  
O heart dejected, faint with toil ;  
What good can touch thy bitter needing,  
What ease this chafe of mortal coil ?

O lovely portals, heaven disclosing !  
O shady dell of pilgrim-rest !  
Lord, let me at Thy feet reposing,  
With sighs of love relieve my breast.

Fair lamp of joy, thy light extinguished—  
What sickly fears oppress my heart ?  
These fading flowers alike have languished,  
And to my soul their grief impart.

O gentle Prisoner of love,  
Thou kingly patience, meekness crowned !  
Ah ! where has flown the mystic Dove,  
Who on my love has never frowned ?

Sweet Lord, whom faith and sight endear,  
 What joys, mysterious, veil Thee round !  
 Thy hush of absence we revere,  
 And mutely kiss the blissful ground.

My Dove, my Spouse ! mine eyelids wash  
 In milk of innocence dear,  
 And sweetly hold my soul abash  
 In happy trance of holy fear.



"BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR  
 AND KNOCK."

APOCALYPSE iii, 20.

This night a traveller at my door  
 So mildly knocked, had knocked before ;  
 I knew that footstep sad and meek,  
 I knew it would my threshold seek ;  
 I knew his sweet and gracious name,  
 Wherefore he called, and whence he came :  
 Could I that gentle summons hear  
 And yet refuse through sloth or fear ?

With trembling hands the latch I raised ;  
I worshipped e'er with rapture gazed ;  
The cold night-dews His garments wet,  
A crown of thorns His brow beset,  
His bleeding feet the tale could tell  
Of lambs astray in slippery dell,  
Yet milder than a moonbeam's lance  
The mornful eyes benignant glance.

My humble door stood open wide—  
"With me, sweet Jesus, deign to bide ;  
No other guest has here a place,  
No friend, no spouse, my board to grace ;  
With Mary's tears I'll bathe Thy feet,  
And spikenard of contrition sweet  
Shall heal the hands, the feet, the side  
Whose piteous wounds are gaping wide !"

A smile whose radiance changed the night  
To glory holier far than light—  
A smile whose peace is more than rest,  
Which makes the joy of all the blessed—

Broke o'er my soul, entranced my sight,  
Turned all my loneliness to delight,  
Then softly through the blissful door  
The King of Glory passed once more.

The way-prints of those sacred feet  
I mutely kiss as they retreat ;  
And watch the thorn-encircled head  
Round which celestial halos spread,  
As through the midnight gloom and rain  
He walks His weary watch again  
To knock, perchance, at many a door  
Where He has knocked in vain before.



## SUDDEN BUT NOT UNPROVIDED.

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IN MEMORY OF THE

MOST REV. FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, D. D.,

ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

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In the mid-watch of night, when the world holds its  
breath,  
Sped an angel from God, the dread angel of death ;

Not a whisper of warning, no sign and no word—  
Not a watchman was startled, no aspen leaf stirred ;  
Not a shadow was thrown on the moonlighted wall  
As he passed up the stairway and flitted through hall ;  
But alone, to the meek, holy sleeper, was given  
The summons which opened the portals of heaven.

Where, ah ! where was the priest who, on ocean, o'er  
    wild,  
Had tracked his least steps with the awe of a child ;  
And what spell had the night, when a deacon so true  
Felt no chill in the air as the death-arrow flew !  
Where the young who all loved him with that deep  
    emotion,  
Which is half of affection and half of devotion ;  
For they caught in the sanctified grace of his mien  
The soft gleam of a nimbus no meekness could screen !

Where the old he instructed, the wise who revered,  
Where the poor he had succored, the sick he had  
    cheered,  
Where the homeless he sheltered, and tell me, O where  
Were the strayed lambs, now safe in the fold by his  
    care ?

For the morning dawned blankly upon that still face  
 So benignant in goodness, effulgent in grace ;  
 And the hand, ever lifted in benison, lay  
 Pulseless, lifeless, a sorrowful relic of clay !

Cease thy questioning sigh, cease thy subtle complaint,  
 And adore the hushed wonders of God in His saint ;  
 Hidden life, hidden death !—hidden crown now adorns  
 The mild brow which but asked for a circlet of thorns ;  
 For the angels took place of poor mortals beside  
 His peaceful death-bed and gave praise as he died ;  
 And the ages will seal what with tears we record  
 Of the might of his prayer and the fruit of his word.



### A FAMILY MOTTO.\*

A well-proportioned ancient shield,  
 And on the azure-tinted field  
 The red crusader-cross :  
 Words scarce could tell at what a loss

\* The arms of the author's maternal ancestors, the ALLENS of Chelmsford, Essex—evidently those of a crusader—are : *Sable* ; a cross potent, *Or*. Motto : *Fortiter gerit Crucem*.—Crest : a demi-lion *azure*, holding in the two paws the rudder of a vessel, *Or*.

The well-read scholar stood—  
In what an earnest, startled mood,  
Beneath the ancient, comely shield,  
And red cross on the azure field,  
    This motto's thread  
    He whispering read,  
    "*Fortiter gerit crucem.*"

A true crusader, staunch and bold,  
Was he, my good ancestor old,  
    Who thus could boast his cross  
He bore unmindful of the loss :  
    "Strong, strong his cross to bear,"  
Comes down in characters most fair ;  
Comes down a glory unto me  
Through many a bloody century ;  
    The good seed kept,  
    Though old faith slept—  
    "*Fortiter gerit crucem.*"

Though old faith slept ! a deep blush came  
Across his cheek, a blush of shame :  
    That bold crusader's cross,  
Borne in the very teeth of loss,

No longer worn with pride ;  
His conscience told him, laid aside  
Like some base superstition's sign :  
That cross, which from high heaven will shine,  
When men shall hear,  
With joy or fear,  
“*Fortiter gerit crucem.*”

Years passed ; his quickened eye had scanned  
The archives rich of many a land,  
Yet still a purpose named  
Not to himself each spoil had claimed ;  
And day by day to hail  
On truth's horizon some new sail,  
Strange sweetness sent through all his veins,  
Till to his contrite breast he strains  
That cross severe,  
While angels hear,  
“*Fortiter gerit crucem.*”



SPINIS CORONATI.

“Thy crown of thorns, sweet Christ, but once to  
wear,  
Thy pain, O joyful pain, but once to share !”  
Thus sighed a faithful soul one morn in prayer.

“Those very thorns, more piercing sharp than steel,  
Around my brow but once, O Christ, to feel  
Would every lesser smart and anguish heal !”

More swift than light the answer to her prayer ;  
Obedient angels held above in air  
The crown of thorns she asked with tears to wear.

But ere upon her brow that crown they prest—  
Precaution mild, the prudence of the bless’d—  
Of grace bestowed they make this gentle test :

Upon her forehead, bowed in sweet desire,  
A thorn, yet scarce a thorn—a single briar—  
Fell, fraught with all the Passion’s dreadful ire.

A deadly swoon her failing senses drowned ;  
All pain was lost in agony's astound,  
Till steeped in sweetness, sighed a voice profound :

“ Thy wish accepted, little one, forbear ;  
The garden's woe disciples could not share ;  
Blame not thyself if I thy weakness spare.

“ My bloodless martyrs have in heaven renown,  
Which claims, and wins, the martyr's shining crown ;  
Thy will has made the action's grace thine own.”



## THE DIVINE PRISONER'S FLOWER.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

Between two flag-stones bare and cold,  
From prison earth, from prison mould,  
A tender plant sprang up to sight,  
The lonely prisoner's sole delight.

Beside the bastion's lowering wall  
Some bird had dropped a seedling small ;  
The captive's smile each leaflet cheers,  
The plant is watered by his tears.

O my sweet Master, by that cell  
Where Thou, love's prisoner, dost dwell,  
Where, by a miracle, my God  
Has fixed, for time, His own abode—

My heart, like that poor, tiny seed,  
Would plant itself, nor fear to need  
The Master's smile, the Master's tear,  
To nurse devotion's blossoms dear.

The crowds, unthinking, pass Thee by ;  
The busy world its trade must ply ;  
And those for whom Thy heart most pines  
Heed not the captive's loving signs.

My Jesus, from this very hour  
O let me be the prisoner's flower ;  
No other lot in life so sweet  
As thus to blossom at Thy feet.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

O gentle shepherd, loveliest and best !  
Were I the lamb on thy meek shoulder laid,  
By thy mild hand so calmly, kindly stayed,  
My cheek to thine with such love-fulness pressed  
As in those taintless lineaments expressed—  
How far so'er my erring feet had strayed,  
All mortal smart, all sorrow, were allayed,  
All fears subdued in my o'er anxious breast :  
The wayside brambles, flinty steep forgot,  
The wilds through which my venturous wishes led,  
The hidden ill at which I inly bled—  
All these to me would be as they were not ;  
And in this one embrace, all silent given,  
My contrite soul would taste the fullest peace of  
Heaven.



## SONNET.

What boots the body's weal, its health or ease,  
The heavy heart in weariness or pain,  
Imparting to the frame the nameless bane  
Of its own languor and concealed disease?  
In vain the mountain air, the expanse of seas,  
The quiet beauty of the embosomed plain,  
The thousand powers, which through all nature reign  
With such a blessed charm to heal and please.  
Too subtle for complaint, subdued for tears,  
The grief which makes that chastened face so pale,  
And thins the air those patient lips inhale ;  
Yet that meek grief some holy solace hears,  
A far-off hope the enduring spirit cheers,  
For Heaven has promised peace, though all the world  
should fail.



## MOUNT HOPE ASYLUM.

Mount Hope, upon thy fair, majestic dome,  
Serenely crowning yon green summit high,  
I look with moist and melancholy eye,  
Yet bless thee as the wandering maniac's home ;  
Where, unrebuked, yet safely still, may roam  
His fancies wild ; as to some sheltered beach  
The storm-lashed ocean's maddened billows reach,  
To break in harmless, iridescent foam.  
Within thy walls great woes great solace meet :  
Those "sweet bells jangled" yet may be restored  
To clearest harmony and just accord,  
In thy divinely tranquilized retreat ;  
As once, obedient to the heavenly Word,  
The youth sat joyful at the Master's feet.



TO THE AUGUST CRICKET.

With lightly-tripping rhyme and amorous song,  
We welcome youthful April's warblers gay ;  
Young loves, young hopes and promised bliss of May  
The tuneful, vernal ecstasy prolong.  
Nor will we do thee, drowsy insect, wrong,  
Though with more tranquil numbers, more serene,  
We welcome thee unto this Summer scene,  
And joys that to its gorgeous bloom belong.  
By thy shrill monotone among the grass  
We know that Summer's ripest days have come :  
With their fledged broods the parent robins pass  
O'er breezy wood and gayly-flowered morass ;  
While mortals, by a mournful prescience, see  
Bleak stubble-fields, and Autumn's leafless tree.



## TO SNOW-FLAKE.

In vain, poor brute ; none heed thy bitter plaint,  
The tender instinct of thy motherhood  
Quite set aside ; even human brotherhood  
Since Adam's fall must plead till hope is faint ;  
And seldom, since the days of that dear saint,  
Sweet Anthony, have proud men understood  
Pity for that brute world, whose all of good  
And happiness is by our sin attaind.  
Yet, gentle creature, whose full udder brings  
Food to the peasant, nourishment to kings,  
Some solace may to thy mild race belong  
More potent than this vainly-pitying song,  
Which from a deep-set fountain sorrowing springs—  
A sense of human guilt and nature's wrong.



## EXPECTATION.

Why comes it not, love sadly questions, why,  
The precious missive from thy thoughtful hand ?  
The willing messengers all ready stand  
To bear thy token 'neath a friendly sky ;  
For with the freight of but one faithful sigh  
The keenest winds had sure grown kind and bland,  
And with their eager pinions gayly fanned  
The lettered tones to my impatient eye.  
Yet, wherefore watch I in such claiming guise ?  
Few joys do on large expectation wait ;  
But noiseless glide beneath an humbler gate,  
There to make glad, with quick and sweet surprise,  
Some smiling Patience with contented eyes,  
Low-seated, in the calm of unexpectant state.



## THE DYING SUMACH.

The autumnal glory of this Sumach leaf—  
Whose leaflets, with a dying languor droop  
Upon their stem, like some fair, tender group  
Of sisters struck by one domestic grief,  
To which no hope of earth can bring relief—  
So touches heart and sense, I inly stoop  
With sympathetic grief; sad leaf, no dupe,  
Though thou art type of all things, frail and brief.  
So deftly pictured, with such feeling art,  
Dear pupil, friend, thy flushing Sumach's dyes  
And mortal languors, that I feel a part  
Of thy own being and thy gentle heart  
Has passed into the leaf, and friendship sighs  
To think that tender sense must bide affliction's dart.



## THE VIOLIN AND VIOLONCELLO.

O tender Viols, that with more than touch  
Of mortal pathos' haunt my memory still,  
It is no trick of art or cunning skill  
Which starts my tears, and moves my heart to such  
A plaintive sweetness, as if life so much  
Of joy had known, the brimming cup must spill,  
And thus send heavenward, in a shining rill,  
The joys too sacred for this world to clutch.  
No wonder that those pious artists, old,  
In angel hands my favorite viols place ;  
The calm cheek touching, with a blissful grace,  
The instrument, whose harmonies unfold  
A love no mortal lip has ever told,  
The seraph's spark which fires our human race.



## ANNIVERSARY.

The brooding July noon, the still, deep heats  
Upon the full-leaved woods and flowering maize,  
The first wheat-harvest, and the torrid blaze,  
Which on the sweating reapers fiercely beats  
And drives each songster to its own retreats—  
Much less the stately lily of the field,  
Gorgeous in scarlet, whose large anthers yield  
The honey-bee meet prison for its sweets,  
A flame amid the meadow-land's rich green—  
With the revolving year is never seen,  
But o'er the sunny landscape creeps a shade  
Of solemn recollection. Lilies! lean  
Your brilliant coronals where once was laid  
A boy's brow grand in death, and "rest in peace" be  
said.



## DELIA.

There is a darkness which is still not gloom ;  
And thou, poor child—whose young but sightless eyes  
Catch no glad radiance from the summer skies,  
Worse still neglected in thy blindness, whom  
Those nurtured like thee, in the self-same womb,  
Have cast on strangers, strangers truly wise  
Since more than waif of gold such charge they prize—  
Hast found a joy what others call a doom.  
Thou knowest the way unto the chapel door ;  
And kneeling softly on its blessèd floor  
Thou art no longer blind ; the PRESENCE there  
Reveals Itself to thy adoring prayer ;  
Hours fly with thee that altar's Guest before,  
Till, cowards, we envy what we dare not share.



## THE KEOKUK PEBBLE.

(See Frontispiece.)

Say not the rugged science of the rocks  
His word disproves, whose single word brought forth  
Their being out of nothing ; nature's worth  
Is based on feälty ; whoever knocks  
Demanding her choice treasures, and yet mocks  
Her worshipful allegiance, hears a tone  
Even from the heart of the insensate stone  
Reproaching him who scoffs while he unlocks.  
Bear witness, shivered pebble, in whose breast  
The crystallizing ages have confessed  
To Him, whom worldly wisdom crucified ;  
Signed with that sign, the CROSS, which sects deride,  
The rocks do thus their solemn faith attest,  
Rebuking man, not science, for rash pride.













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